

Nov 1923

# The Arnie Squib



## To The Frosh

H. Fraser



# Winchester

*Sporting Goods*

*Athletic Goods*



*Hardware*



*The Mutual  
Plumbing and Heating Co.  
Amherst*

The proprietor of the hotel handed Abraham the bill for the night's lodging. Abraham took it and eyed it in mock cynicism and said, "Oi, here you charge for bath — I had no bath! I just sleep!"

The proprietor was a casual sort of a human so he explained as best he could, "Well, this hotel is run on the American Plan, the bath was there for you, I couldn't help that you didn't use it."

So Abraham scratched his head a bit, then proceeded to make out a similar bill which he handed to the proprietor who was somewhat perplexed and asked, "What's this bill for?"

"Oi, dots for kissing my wife — darkmail as it was!"

"But I didn't kiss your wife!" replied the astounded proprietor.

Then Abraham smiled his smile of assurance and said, "Vell, I couldn't help dot you didn't kiss her — she vas dere for you!"

— *Yellow Jacket*

Why is Joe's nose like the Brooklyn Bridge?  
I dunno. Why?

Because so many schooners pass beneath it.

— *Beanpot*

A preacher fell down and a newsboy went to his assistance. The reverend gentleman said: "You couldn't help a big man like me."

"Sure thing," replied the boy, "I helped my dad to his feet when he was drunker than you are."

— *Mugwump*

No, Professor, I'm not asking anything for myself, but I wish you'd send good marks home to the governor.

— *Stone*

An Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous individual who was accompanied by a dog.

"Foine dog ye have," said the Irishman. "Phwat kind is it?"

"A cross between an Irishman and an ape," the man replied.

"Shure an it's related to both of us," the Irishman rejoined.

— *Bison*

HE: Let's sit out this dance. I have a game knee.

SHE: Well — er — just how game?

— *Black and Blue Jay*

*Weather Report—  
"Rain and cold for November."*



It will soon be here—  
the overcoat is now.

Just the kind the boy  
will stand for—com-  
fort and good looks.

Mother will endorse  
the quality.

Dad will appreciate  
the value, at \$23.50  
to \$50.00.



**MERRITT CLARK & CO.**

**NORTHAMPTON, MASS.**

## Amherst Shoe Repairing Co.

A Modern Shop rendering one of the Best Services in the State.

High Grade Shoe Repairing with Goodyear Welt official System. (Also while you wait).

Expert Hat Renovating—Powderless WHITE KID GLOVE Cleaning—Permanent Shoe Dyeing.

Shoe Treating (commonly shine)

Only skilled hands employed.

We solicit your patronage on quality basis.

## Amherst Shoe Repairing Co.

10 Main Street, Amherst, Mass.

TEL. CONN.

## Damerst & Fotos Shoe Store System

Damerst & Fotos Shoe Store *System* means, *Better Footwear*, backed up with a Genuine Guarantee, worked out on the Basis that you must be pleased. It means: Courteous, Thoughtful, Competent attention to all details, with a view of selling only the kind of footwear that will render you Entire Satisfaction.—Such service is designed to win “good will,” the one asset of greatest Value, and the hardest to gain — it comes as a reward for faithful service properly performed.

A sincere thanks to you is included in Damerst & Fotos Shoe Store, that expresses a Genuine desire on the part of the Salesman representing the management to show our appreciation for your patronage.

Remember please that Damerst & Fotos assure you a *perfect fitting*, with a high grade Footwear, or money refunded.

## Damerst & Fotos Shoe Store

16 Main Street, Amherst, Mass.

Tel. 449 R

Agency: W. L. Douglas Shoes and U. S. Rubbers

He was only six. His dearest possession was his dog Paddy. When Paddy met a street car and got the worst of the argument, his mother feared to break the news. But it had to be. She said:

“Paddy has been run over and killed.”

He took it quietly, like a little man. But at bedtime his shrieks echoed through the house. His mother rushed upstairs to comfort him.

“Nurse says,” he sobbed, “that Paddy has been run over and killed.”

“But, dear, when I told you that at dinner you didn’t seem to mind.”

“No; but, mamma,—but I didn’t know you said Paddy. I—thought you said daddy.”

— *Black and Blue Jay*

## SING LEE

Main Street

## Purest Laundry

SHE: I like those pearls that girl has around her neck.

HE: I like the neck better.

— *Texas Ranger*

I: What is the “Divine Right of Kings?”

PASS: To better everything except aces.

— *Virginia Reel*

Little Tommy had a sore toe, so his mother thought this a good opportunity to make him eat his cereal.

“Tommy,” she said, “if you eat your oatmeal, it will cure your toe.”

Shortly afterward Tommy came to his mother with a very disgusted air.

“I ate my cereal,” he said, “but my toe isn’t any better. I guess the darn stuff went down the wrong leg.”

— *Judge*

NATURALLY

IKE: What do you think of Ford as a Presidential possibility.

MIKE: Fine! He has the makings of another Lincoln.

— *Pitt Panther*



# The Essex Lunch

Open 6:00 A. M.

*The only up-to-date  
Restaurant in Town*

---

*Low Prices—High Qualities*

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We believe that a large business with small profits yields the greatest income. Lunches put up to be taken out.

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**Meal Tickets:**  
**\$5.50 for \$5.00 in Cash**  
( Good any time )



## The College Studio

*Photographs that Show Your  
Character*

---

Large Groups and Class work

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241 Main Street  
Northampton



JUST ARRIVED: Gosh, I'm starved. All the vender had on the train were magazines and cards.

MEETING HIM: Well, why didn't you buy a deck of cards?

JUST ARRIVED: Cards, you can't eat cards.

MEETING HIM: Oh, yes. You could have made yourself a Club Sandwich.

— Virginia Reel

---

If you kiss a girl on the forehead will she call you down?

— Yellow Jacket

---

FARMER BROWN: I've got a new pig and I named him Ink.

NEIGHBOR: What's the idea? Is he black?

FARMER BROWN: No, but he's always getting out of the pen and running all over.

— Colorado Dodo

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### THE EVILS OF HEREDITY

The wife of the man who, in his youth, wrote jokes for a college humor magazine, was telling little Georgie a bedtime story.

"And then the little boy kissed the little girl. Why do you suppose he did that?"

"They had come to a tunnel."

— Brown Bull

Everything to write with,  
to write upon, to figure  
upon, and draw upon.



**A. J. HASTINGS**  
NEWSDEALER  
and STATIONER



## To the Frosh

To the frosh, all hail !

Squibby greets you.

She invites you

To her fun and rhyme,

To her quips and cranks:

To enjoy a moment,

Then be cast aside.

To the frosh, all hail !

Fun's worth while.

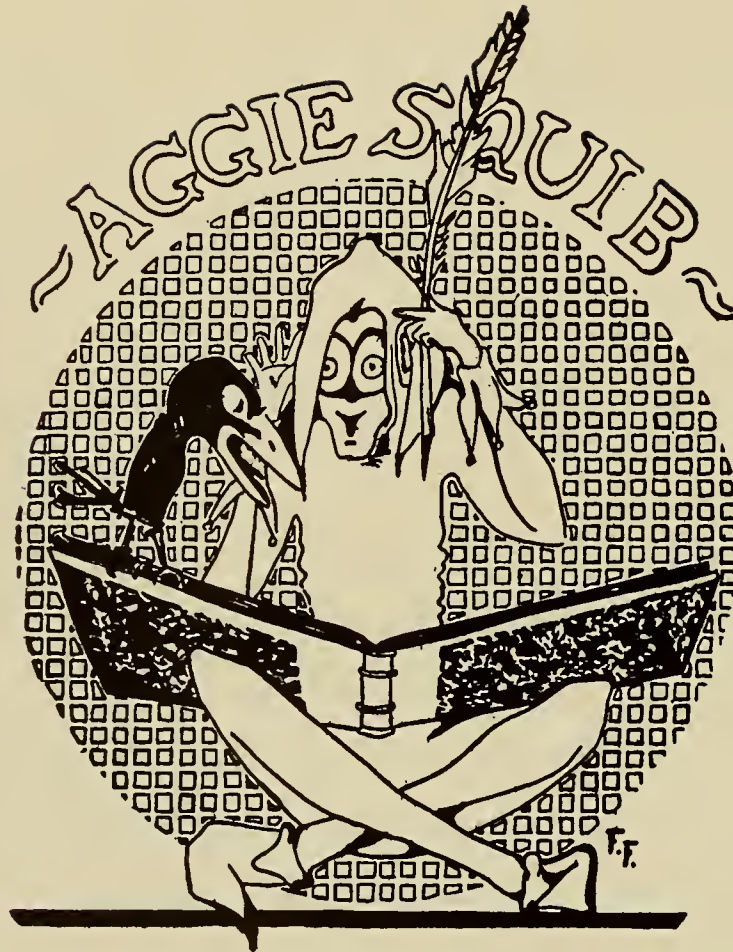
Squibby helps you

To be glad and free,

To be merry and wise.

So set aside your worries;

Turn your lips in smile.



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The Aggie Squib is published six times during the college year, by the students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College in the months of November, December, February, March, May and June. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; all literary communications and drawings to the Managing Editor. Subscribers who do not receive copies will confer a favor by reporting the same to the Circulation Manager. Subscription price \$2.00; single copies 35 cents. Entered at the Amherst Post-office as second class matter.

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### SUBSCRIBERS

Any changes of address of subscribers should be reported to the Circulation Manager. Those not receiving copies are requested to notify him at once so that proper delivery can be made.

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S

WILLIE shot a crow the other day,—and  
Willie's been crowing ever since.

S

A STITCH in time saves embarrassment.



# THE SQUIB

## A ROUGH DAY ON THE BAY

“REMINDS me of a swell hotel here.”  
“Yes, see all the bell-buoys.”  
“Sure, they’re being tipped by the swells.”

S

“Did you see the stude baker last night?”  
“Yes, all lit up.”

S

## A BIT OF ADVICE

NOW frosh, be good or you’ll be sad.  
(A pond party we want to see!)  
Just mind your step and don’t act bad.  
(“A pond party!” is the Sophomore’s plea.)

Salute each prof, and SENIORS grand.  
(“Rah for a party,” hear them shout.)  
Pass in a file, not in a band.  
(Ho, for the pond! Get the paddles out!)

Work on the field for your glorious fame.  
(Ha, that’s the call to the party I hear.)  
Maybe the Senate will not have *your* name.  
(On to where that splash rings clear.)

Forget no nines, jump every one.  
(“On to the party!” sing we in glee.)  
Don’t try on a Soph your wicked pun.  
(No, save it, my child, and give it to me.)

S

CAPTAIN (*to seasick sailor*): Come, come, my man, this will never do. You must conquer your weakness. Remember the words of our great hero, “Don’t give up the ship.”  
S. S. S.: If I don’t, it will be the only thing I haven’t, sir!



PROF: John, why are you looking at your watch so often?

STUDE: Er — I was afraid that you would not have time to finish your interesting lecture, sir.

S

MA: Baby swallowed a penny today.  
PA: It’s a good thing it wasn’t a Canadian penny.

MA: Why so?  
PA: They don’t pass in this country.

S

STUDE—What time is it?  
SECOND DITTO—Friday.  
STUDE—Well, I gotta get off here.

S

HENGLISHMAN: ‘Eat a pile o’ water, ‘Arry.  
DITTO: Naw, the pile will leak if you ‘eat it.

S

“WHEN I pet her,” said Tom Potter, “then her heart goes pitter-patter. If I was a poorer petter, if I did not pet but putter, then whenever I did pet her, it would not go so pitter-patter,” said the petting king, Tom Potter.

# THE SQUIB

THE clock just struck.  
I don't hear it.

That's it, it's on a strike for shorter hours, and time and a half for overtime.

S

THE lightning often presents a striking appearance.

S

THE Boy: Can I have the afternoon off? I have to go to my grandmother's funeral.

THE Boss: You can not. You went to your grandmother's funeral last week,— in fact, you have been going to her funeral for the last two years. Do you mean to say that your grandfather had ten wives?

THE Boy: Nossir, twenty. He was a Morman.

S

HE: Will it be all right if I come over tomorrow night?

SHE: No: I have a party on. Come over sometime when I have nothing on for the evening.

WELL, I've got to plug now."  
"Going to have a corking time, eh?"

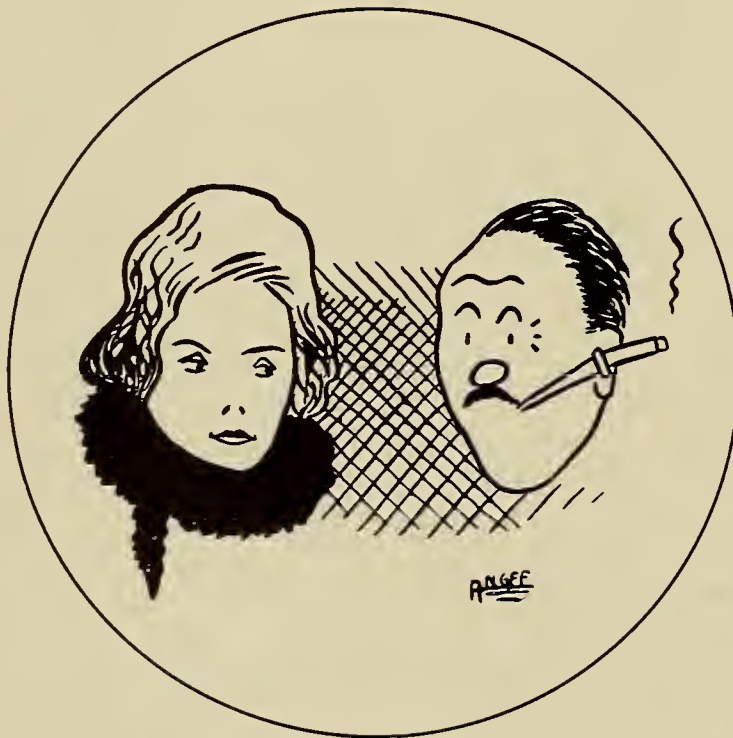
S

"I HEAR you had a date with Jack last night?

"Yes, but he's more of a financier than a date."

"Says which?"

"Not much principle, but lots of interest."



S

"I'LL lick you," said the boy, as he proceeded to moisten the postage stamp.

S

## 'S FUNNY WORLD

ON the east side of Long Island you hear the sea, on t'other side you see the sound.

S

S

HE: What are those frosh talking about?

SHE: They are discussing whether they'll refuse to wear their frosh caps and jump nines or not.

HE: Well, that isn't a very dry subject.

S

## FAMOUS MISQUOTATIONS

1 "The die is cast."

Caesar crossed the Rubicon in a creaking one-horse chariot, jolted against a stone and fell headlong into the water. When he climbed out his toga dripped limply, but when it was dry again, the purple shone as splendidly as ever. What Caesar really said was: "The dye is fast."

## THIS ISSUE'S MEANEST CRITTER

MRS. (to drug clerk): May I have a two-cent stamp? Yes,— and charge it, please.

D. C.: Want it delivered, too?

S

OUR own favorite ditty is, "Though she daubs her face with color, she is not a colored girl."



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# THE SQUIB

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## *Editorials*

**L**AUGHTER is the hall-mark of man, his “Sterling” stamp, his trade-mark. He is the “animal that laughs”. So, of course, the man who doesn’t laugh,— or won’t — must be classed with the dumb brutes. We mean, just plain *dumb*. Equally, of course, its humorous publication, which gives what it gets in the way of humor, is a measure of a college dumbness,— and it goes far and wide shouting its quality. You know — we know — Aggie men are no dumb-bells, and it’s up to them (which means *you*) to make SQUIB a true Aggie representative. When a thought hits a funny spot, or something happens that hands you a laugh, write it up in two lines or two hundred, joke, verse, or full-page spread, and *send it in*. If you aren’t strong on the writing stuff yourself, pass it on to someone who is. Remember this, SQUIB is what you make it,— make it good! We suggest for the year’s slogan, “Don’t Crab. Contribute”.

### S

**A**CCORDING to tradition we dedicate this issue to the Frosh. Frosh, you have been advised, cajoled, bulldozed, beaten, and worst of all, made to work. Now comes SQUIBBY’s turn. Take a deep breath, look around at the world and dive in. After all, this old world is a pretty good place to live in and things really are a lot brighter than they look from the outside. A smile, or better still, a hearty laugh, goes a long way in making this world more safe and sane to live in. Don’t let the Sophs get an idea that you are happy; there might be trouble. Just retire into some secluded corner, pull SQUIBBY out of your pocket, look therein, and you’ll be merry. When you have cheered yourself to the proper pitch, look ahead and you will see that you too will some day be a Senior (the Profs permitting) with a big (?) moustache and an austere expression. Then read SQUIBBY and remember that a smile is a great institution and if you scowl you grow skinny but if you laugh you live long. Give SQUIBBY his chance and he will prove his worth. Read on, Macduff.



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# THE SQUIB

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## TIME EXPOSURE OF A GIRL STUDYING

- 9.00 Sits down at desk and opens book.
- 9.01 Looks at it.
- 9.02 Looks up at the wall.
- 9.02½ Gets up and straightens picture on same.
- 9.03 Looks in mirror.
- 9.04 Powders her nose.
- 9.05 Does a little manicuring on the side.
- 9.06 Does a little reconstruction work with a comb.
- 9.07 Goes back to desk.
- 9.08 Looks at book again.
- 9.09 Reads, "Et il dit, je vous aime —"
- 9.10 Thinks about that date last night.
- 9.11 Gets out her *Index* and looks at his picture.
- 9.12-17 Decides he is much better-looking than that old picture.
- 9.18 Powders her nose.
- 9.20 Picks up the book again.
- 9.20½ Looks at a hole in her stocking.
- 9.21 Tries to decide whether to mend it or not.
- 9.22 Decides it won't show anyway.
- 9.23 Hears shrieks of mirth down the corridor.
- 9.23½ Goes down to hear the latest.
- 9.24-10.24 Hears it.
- 10.25 Comes back and looks at book from a distance.
- 10.26 Decides she doesn't need to study anyway.
- 10.27 Parks "Wild Love in the Desert" on top of it.
- 10.28-48 Reads with great concentration, chewing peanuts pensively as she peruses pages.
- 10.49 She is going to undress now. We'd better come back later.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 10.59 Gives hair a last weeding. Musses up the cold cream. Powders her nose.
- 10.59½ Turns out the light.
- 11.00 R. I. U. P.— meaning Rest In Un-Preparedness.

IF a man were crazy about plumbs — he'd be plum crazy.  
Yes, Ignatz, a plumber, too.

S

"I HAVE but one request to make," said the newly-employed college man on the farm, "and that is, that I be allowed to remain in bed long enough for the lamp chimney to cool off."

S

"WHAT was Jupiter's weapon, Miss K.?"  
"The lightning-rod, sir."

S

OUR idea of nothing at all was formed the other day when a Frosh asked us where Lover's Lane was.

S

"THAT girl will sit on him after she gets him."  
"She does that already."

S

MY mind to me a harem is, and all my thoughts are wives.

S

AND we heard this from our kid neighbor in high school:—

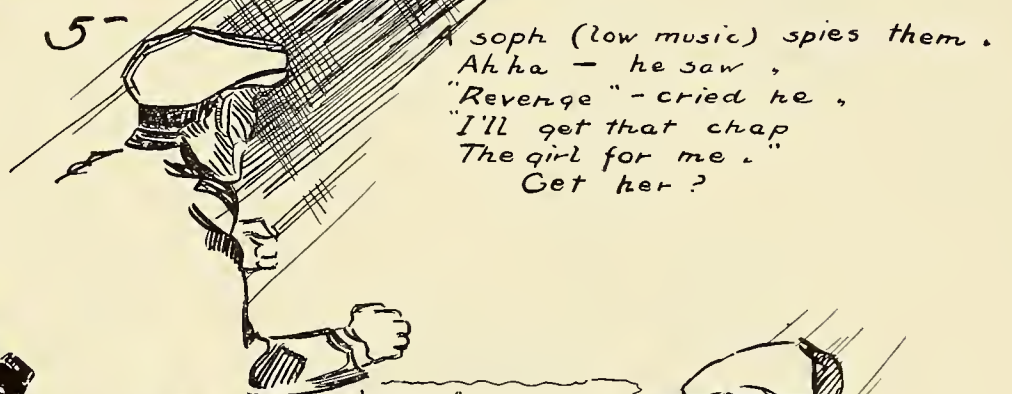
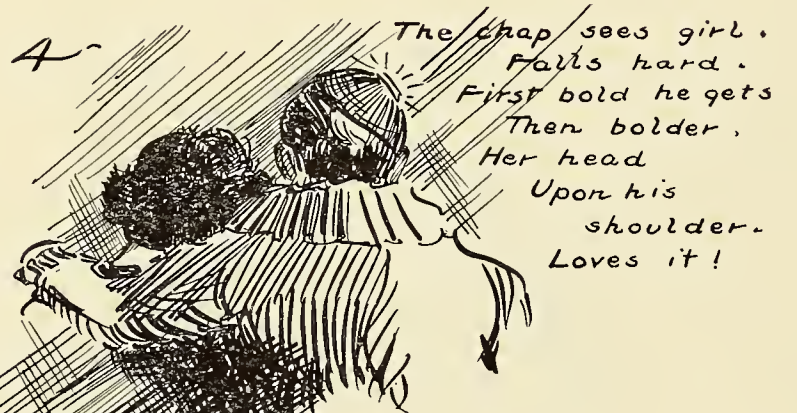
"She appeared to herself in her sleep as her dead husband's ghost."

That's almost as complicated as the one we heard on campus the other day:—

"The women go to Paris for a new hat, a new dress, and a new divorce, and come back with a new husband, and go to a hotel for dinner with their old wife."



# THE SQUIB





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# THE SQUIB

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## TAKE ANY ONE

**L**EILA slings a wicked line and her dancing is  
divine, and her clothes are snappy;  
Smokes the sort of cigarette that I like — knows  
where to get the juice that makes you happy.

Cuddles close  
When in a car;  
Gosh! how good  
Her kisses are!

Betty stays at home and sews, making all her pretty  
clothes, and cooks to beat the Ritz.  
Modest, soft-voiced and demure (no petting stuff for  
her, that's sure), a drink would give her fits.

Girls like that  
Are rare nowadays.  
I hand a lot  
To Betty's ways.

Lately I have had a hunch that I'd better shake the  
bunch and pick me out a wife;  
Now from those two (if I should try it), which one,  
for a steady diet, should I grab for life?

That's easy, says you offhand and careless. You  
can't live on love and lipstick, but you can do a  
whole lot on steak and apple pie. Then consider the  
upkeep. These sporting models come high and go  
easy. Your head works, old boy — so why not work  
it? That's our advice, work it.

Yeah, says I — well —

Thank you for your kind advice  
But it came too late.  
I married Leila yesterday.  
The why I'll now relate.  
I may get hungry, but I'll never be bored! ! !

S

“**M**Y son is a Turkish artist.”  
“Never heard of one. What does he draw?”  
“Turkish baths.”



**W**E think this is pretty good — make up a title  
to suit yourself.

S

**T**EMPERATURE 110 in the shade, and no  
shade — humidity, fierce!

A young grocery clerk was waiting on trade in his  
shirt sleeves.

A dignified, elderly lady entered. “Young man,”  
she said, “where is your coat? I should think you’d  
be ashamed to appear before customers in your shirt  
sleeves.”

“Madame,” replied the youth, “if it gets any  
hotter tomorrow you’ll find me in my B.V.D.’s, and  
if it gets any hotter the day after that — why I —  
won’t work.”

S

**E**XHAUSTED CHANNEL SWIMMER (*wading  
ashore*): I have just swum from England.  
BLASÉ OFFICIAL: Your passport, M’sieur.



# THE SQUIB

MRS. NEWLY-WED (*to mother-in-law*): Mother, dear, how *do* you cook soft-boiled eggs? I've boiled 'em half an hour and they aren't soft yet.

S

She is so dumb that she thinks that all the women in Paris are parasites.

S

"I'VE caught a little cold and feel all played out," said Miss Fiddle to her beau after the dance.  
"I'm a bit horse myself," enjoined her partner.

S

PARIS TO HELEN: VERY MUCH B. C.

NOW if I answer true the question that you  
Have asked of me, Helen, my dear —  
First assure me you won't be offended, and don't  
Throw me down for that damn charioteer.  
Your eyelashes long, dear, inspire me to song,  
And the wonderful tints of your cheek,  
And the white of your brow and your red lips—O how  
Of your thousand-fold charms can I speak?  
Yet you say I am cold. Yes you did! for you told  
That to Ajax, who promptly told me.  
"When he took me out walking he spent the time  
*talking,*  
The reason I simply can't see."  
Now dear, for a fact it wasn't a lack  
Of beauty,—you'd charm a stone saint!  
It was just that your face had a newly-made grace  
That warned me I'd best mind the paint!

GEE, aren't quotations funny things? This is what I saw the other day.

"If Jonson's learned sock be on"

"And the mute silence hist along"

Why is the Lady in "Comus" not afraid?

Golly, *we* wonder why she wasn't afraid, too. The sock and this hissing silence must be "powerful strong".

S

"I'VE found a lot of new wrinkles about beds," said the convalescent inventor as he sat up for the first time in two weeks.

S

IF you stepped out of the bathtub and slipped on the soap, would that be enough to wear through the hall?



"OH — hubby! Aren't you ready yet?"  
"No — confound it. The moths have eaten holes in the darn thing."  
"A few moth-holes won't hurt —"  
"But, wifey, they've eaten 'em just where they shouldn't."

---

# THE SQUIB

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## THE PURIST AND THE PIPPIN

THIS playlet is to be presented in one scene and no scenes. When the curtain rises the Purist is discovered sitting in the shade of an apple tree, rehearsing his speech for the Annual Assembly of Associated English Instructors. He is fairly young and very precise. He speaks:

THE PURIST: English, I repeat, is the ultimate medium of thought translation. Therefore, the purity of English must be carefully preserved. Slang, the insidious enemy of purity, in some wise resembles the apple which our forefathers ate in Eden, and which induced chaos and destruction. Let us not, then, eat of the apple ——

THE PIPPIN (*appearing suddenly*): Naw, you can't, not without'en you have a ladder. The tree's too high.

THE PURIST (*astounded*): I beg your pardon?

THE PIPPIN: Sure — whatd'ye do?

THE PURIST: *Do?*

THE PIPPIN: Well, you were beefing about a pardon,— say, what are you anyway, a nut?

THE PURIST: I hardly think I resemble an indehiscent fruit. You can readily see that I possess no woody pericarp, such as ——

THE PIPPIN: My gawd, Lizzie! Quit kidding me!

THE PURIST: I am utterly at a loss to follow you. There was no mention of young goats.

THE PIPPIN (*thoughtfully*): Well, old sport, you sure have got mine.

THE PURIST: Your *what?*

THE PIPPIN: Goat, you dumb-bell. You sure have got me buffaloed!

THE PURIST (*with sudden comprehension*): Ah, now I understand. Poor girl, you are the victim of a delusion. I am a professor, not the keeper of a menagerie.

THE PIPPIN: Hey, come off your perch, you cuckoo!

THE PURIST (*firmly*): You will find a circus at the foot of this hill. (*He pushes her down the slope.*) Good-bye.

THE PIPPIN (*surprised, but getting her cue,— she heard Tosti's song at Keith's once*): Forever!

There is a short pause, while the Purist looks down the slope and shakes his head in a meditative fashion. Then he turns back to the tree, and resumes his interrupted peroration.

THE PURIST: “——let us not, then, eat of the apple ——”

From the bottom of the hill the Pippin's voice comes floating up in a farewell phrase, for she is a thoroughly modern girl, and refuses to admit that any mere man can defeat her.

THE PIPPIN: Applesauce, kid, all applesauce!

THE END



# THE SQUIB

COED: What do tink of the latest movement we girls are starting?

FROSH: Dunno — Haven't been to a dance for longwhile.

S

THE last lie: when a man lies dead who has always lied in life, his tombstone lies above him.

S

## THE SAD BALLAD OF ELAINE McGINTY

*Adapted to the sweet, slow, sad music of "Bambalina"*

ELAINE McGINTY was a lady with a past extremely shady,

With a past improper to relate;  
She reformed one fatal Monday just from hearing Billy Sunday,

Gave her bad associates the gate.  
Gave up paint and gave up powder; gave up drink and took clam chowder,

Took a job as parlor-maid, I think.  
Read the Bible every night, and wore stiff corsets,—wore them tightened!—

Dressed demurely mostly in pale pink.  
Now in her former days of vice she'd had a man. By some device

He found her out and hissed "Come outa this!"  
She wept and wailed, she sobbed and pled, her lover merely shook his head

And bent her double in a movie kiss.  
Alas, she'd changed since last he knew her; his devotion only slew her —

All her corset-bones stuck in her side.  
Her temper, like her hair, was torrid; her revenge was simply horrid.

She meanly said, "Ha-ha, you're fooled!" and died.

For forty-five or so years after there was little cause for laughter,

He lived in a cold stone prison cell;  
In fact, his only cause for laughter was thinking that, in the hereafter,

He'd join Elaine and show her a true hell.

*Moral:* The Sheik stuff is out of date. Try chloroform.



JUDGING from the results, some of our seniors must have had a tough time trying to uphold Aggie's tradition.

S

## SOME GRAVES OF NATURAL HISTORY

1. Here lies the body of Jonas Clark,  
Who played at tag with a ten-foot shark.
2. Here is the body of Bob Brown sunk,  
He tried to unpack an elephant's trunk.
3. I hope Smith's body has gone to Heaven;  
For his body nourishes tigers seven.
4. On a hungry lion did this man try  
The magnetic power of the human eye.
5. Here rests the remains of Joshua Ford  
Who thought a cobra was a piece of cord.
6. The giraffe's sore throat, said Silas Pine,  
I'll swab out with some iodine.
7. He thought he'd try, did Thomas Vose,  
To manicure a mule's hind toes.
8. I weep o'er the fate of Charles J. Farr,  
He took a skunk in a Pullman car.
9. Here lie the remains of Sophronia Dove,  
She tried to tame a lynx by love.



# THE SQUIB



"Let me kiss away your tears, sweetheart," he whispered passionately.

She fell into his arms, and he was busy for a moment, but the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he begged.

"Nothing," she replied. "It's hay fever. But go on with the treatment." —Virginia Reel

S

Seventy-five million dollars were spent on corsets in the United States during 1919. The figures were different last year. —Sour Owl

S

HE (*looking at the parlor lamp*): The light's kind of feeble. What's the matter with it?

SHE (*who owns the lamp*): Why shouldn't it be? It was out all last night. —Stone Mill

S

MUM

BILL: Is it possible to confide a secret to you?

PHIL: Certainly. I will be as silent as the grave.

BILL: Well, then, I have pressing need for two bucks.

PHIL: Worry not, my friend, It is as if I had heard nothing. —Mugwump

S

FIRST CANNIBAL: Our Chief has hay fever.

SECOND CANNIBAL: What brought it on?

FIRST CANNIBAL: He ate a grass widow. —Bison

S

"Your honor, I was not intoxicated."

"But the officer says that you were trying to climb a lamp-post."

"I was, your honor. A couple of pink crocodiles had been following me around, and I don't mind telling you that they were getting on my nerves."

—Bison

## A DRAMA IN THREE LINES

SCENE: A street. Enter a Yellow Taxi, which goes half-way down the block, and then suddenly, for apparently no reason whatever, stops dead.

A MAN (*calling from the back seat*): What's the matter?

A CHAUFFEUR (*calling back from the front seat*): Didn't the young lady say "Stop"?

A MAN: Well, who said she was speaking to you? (CURTAIN) —Virginia Reel

S

Pretty girl,  
Summer night,  
Swing and vines,  
June moonlight.  
Nice young boy,  
In the swing,  
Can't you hear  
The diamond ring?

—Mugwump

S

HE: I need my pants pressed.

SHE: Where shall we sit? —Pit Panther

S

HE (*in front of her parents*): Here, son, take this quarter, and go see the Sheik.

BUTTERMILK: If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon stay here and watch you and sister, after mamma and papa goes to bed.

—Yellow Jacket

S

She had just come in from the garden with a basket full of eggs when her admirer exclaimed, "My, what beautiful eggs you have!" No wonder she slapped him! —Yellow Jacket



## BEG PAHDON!

*Characters:*

COLLEGE — HE AND SHE

*Place:*

WEEKLY GERMAN

*Time:*

PLENTY

“Hello.”

“Good evening.”

“Nice dance, No?”

“Yes, very.”

“Look lonesome.”

“Yes?”

“Yes. Feel lonesome?”

“Well, rather.”

“Dance?”

“If you wish.”

“Sure do!”

“All right.”

\* \* \*

“Hot music!”

“Very!”

“Good dancer.”

“Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it.”

“Won’t tell a soul.”

“Pretty eyes.”

“Think so?”

“Certainly!”

“Thanks.”

“First year here?”

“Yes.”

“Mine too.”

“Like it?”

“Beginning to.”

“So’m I.”

\* \* \*

“Gee, I enjoyed that!”

“So’d I.”

“Where ya stayin’?”

“Chi Delt House.”

“Pledge or transfer?”

“Neither.”

“What !? !?”

“Chaperone!”

— *Texas Ranger*

## You know what Napoleon said about the last quarter of an hour!

**H**E SAID it is the last quarter of an hour that wins battles. In some cases, of course, it takes three-quarters of an hour. Napoleon was speaking of the spirit that wins rather than of the time it takes.

The Toasted Process, for example, takes 45 minutes, but it's just that last 45 minutes that seals the flavor in and gives **LUCKY STRIKE** the true plantation tang of fine tobaccos. It costs a fortune, but it saves the flavor.

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H. & P. Gloves  
Interwoven Sox

and anything else that well dressed  
College Men wear.

## F. M. Thompson & Son

*Clothes for College Men  
for Forty Years*

CASHIER (*with a groan*): Esther, I have forgotten  
the combination and I am in a terrible sweat over it.

ESTHER: I forgot my combination, too, and I'm  
pretty nearly frozen to death. — *Black and Blue Jay*

CLEO: When Bill danced with me last night he  
kept letting his hand slip down my back.

PATRICIA: I hope you rebuked him.

CLEO: I did; I told him to keep it up.

— *Black and Blue Jay*

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

CO-ED: Papa did you paint the porch swing  
yesterday?

PAPA: Yes, why?

CO-ED: Well Jimmy and I were sitting in the  
swing and he got paint on his pants. — *Brown Bull*

PRETTY CO-ED (*indignantly*): I'd like to see my-  
self in a bathing suit like that!

AMBITIOUS CLERK: So would I, Ma'am.

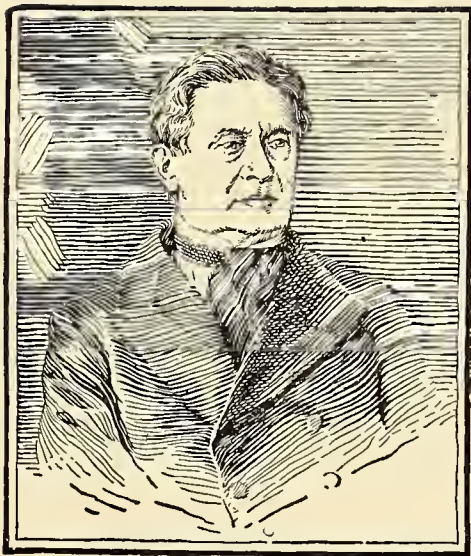
— *Brown Bull*

PA FUSSEM: Hasn't that young man gone yet?

DAUGHTER: No, but I've got him going.

— *Pitt Panther*





JOSEPH HENRY  
1797 - 1878

Born at Albany, N. Y., where he became teacher of mathematics and physics in Albany Academy. Leading American physicist of his time. First director of the Smithsonian Institution.



The work that was begun by pioneers like Joseph Henry is being carried on by the scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. They are constantly searching for fundamental principles in order that electricity may be of greater service to mankind.

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If any bell was ever heard around the world, Joseph Henry rang it in his famous experiment at the Albany Academy. The amazing development of the electrical industry traces back to this schoolmaster's coil of insulated wire and his electro-magnet that lifted a ton of iron.

Four years later when Morse used Henry's electro-magnet to invent the telegraph, Henry congratulated him warmly and unselfishly.

The principle of Henry's coil of wire is utilized by the General Electric Company in motors and generators that light cities, drive railroad trains, do away with household drudgery and perform the work of millions of men.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

---

*From Mrs. B.*

A little late as usual, but then you must admit—not so bad. The next issue is to be a “RUFF NUMBER.” Not too ruff, but snappy enough to be interesting. You ought to get a few extra copies to send to those friends of yours, especially that friend. Remember, too, that the subscription rate to students is only \$1.50 this year. Fill out this blank and have SQUIBBY sent direct to HER.

D. B. NEEDHAM  
*Circulation Manager, SQUIB*

Enclosed is \$1.50, send me  
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Dec 1927

The



RIDE?

THIR!

RUFF NUMBER



# THE ARMCHAIR

Corner Elm and Crescent  
Streets

---

*"The Tea Room with an Atmosphere"*

---

The idea is to provide a place where  
you may meet a friend, chat, if so  
inclined, or rest awhile.

---

TELEPHONE 1289-M

HEE: If a boy is a lad, and the lad has a step-  
father . . . .

HAW: Yes, yes, go on.

HEE: Does that make the lad a step-ladder?

— Showme

---

HEALTH HINTS: After eating onions look at to-  
morrow's Math assignment and it will take the  
breath away.

— Froth

---

A Chink truck driver recently presented the  
following bill to the college:

10 goes, 10 comes at 50 cents a went. \$5.

— Froth

---

## TIME TO MOVE

FIRST MEDICAL STUDENT (*noting crossed eyes of  
his partner*): Are you going to cut where you are  
looking?

SECOND MEDICAL STUDENT: Why, of course.

FIRST MEDICAL STUDENT: Well, you hold this  
cat, then.

Columns — Sun Dodger

"Where's you been all dis time, nigger?"

"I'se been in cold storage."

"What yo mean cold storage?"

"In jail in Alaska, nigger."

— Cracker

---

FRIEND: Why do you writers always say "a  
blush crept across the girl's face?"

AUTHOR: Well, if it ran, it sure would kick up an  
awful dust.

— Bison

---

FRESH (*talking in a crowd*): I make liquor all the  
time, I own five copper stills, and I ain't scared of  
nobody.

STRANGER: Look here, fellow, you do not know  
who I am, do you? I'm the prohibition officer for  
the state of Georgia.

FRESH: And you do not know who I am, do you?  
I'm the biggest liar in the state of Georgia.

— Yellow Jacket

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It's as important as the cut  
of your suit. For during the  
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Make a student wiser;  
Take a tip from Squibbie—  
Know each advertiser!*

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OUR MOTTO: Courtesy and prompt attention to our patrons

When the old lady saw the magician cover the newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and then read the print, she turned to her husband and remarked: "Henry, I'm going home, this aint no place for a lady in a calico dress."

— Orange Owl

"I made a political speech in Carnegie Hall last night!"

"Really! How'd you come out?"

"Limping, but wasting no time."

— Harvard Lampoon

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard.

— Burr

"Now I've got you in my grip," hissed the villain, shoving his tooth paste into his valisc.

— Sun Dial

HARD: The man in the moon must be a freshman.

GUY: Because he borrowed his light?

HARD: No; because he usually "shines" at the wrong time.

— Boll Weevil

# Winchester

*Sporting Goods*

*Athletic Goods*



*Hardware*



*The Mutual  
Plumbing and Heating Co.  
Amherst*

## PHLAPPER PHILOSOPHY

GENNY: Have you ever been around with any fast men?

MARY: You bet! I knew one once who was just as fast as what he was riding in.

On the water wagon he's a frost.

In a carriage — dumb.

In a Ford — he'd pass.

In a Cadillac — Oh, boy!

On a roller coaster — I'M A WRECK!!!

GENNY (*excitedly*): Oh, Mary, I imagine it would be perfectly killing to be with him in a falling elevator.

— Centre Colonel

“Had an awful nightmare last night. When I woke up I found I had been sleeping on my back.”

“Serves ya right. Penalty for bein' offside.”

— Mirrow

Yo: I didn't know your girl was a blond.

Ho: Oh, yes; she's a decided blond — she decided it herself.

— Panther

TOM: You've got a wonderful car. It has some pickup.

JERRY: I've never been able to pick up anything with it yet.

— Orange Owl

GAMMA PHI BETA PRESIDENT: It isn't necessary to pull down the shades in the back room as the trees in the yard are a sufficient screen.

The Betas will now rise and sing “When the Leaves Come Tumbling Down.”

— Showme

“Was your landlady indignant when you asked her for another month's rent?”

“On the contrary, old man, it was I that was put out.”

— Chaparral

The man who hanged himself, died of his own free will and a cord.

— Bison

CURL: So Freddie proposed to you on a post card, — did you accept?

CURLS: No, do you think I'd marry a man who didn't care two cents for me.

— Mirror

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our policy is guaranteed.  
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Washing done at reasonable  
prices.



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FOR

## That Sunday Night Supper

OR FOR

## A Bite in-between-times

VISIT

—THE—

## College Candy Kitchen

The Best in Lunches, Candy, Sodas, Ice Cream and  
Smokers' Supplies

"Is your coal in yet?"

"No, it's slated for Saturday."

— *Life*

### TWO OF A KIND

HARD BOILED LITTLE GIRL: Gimme one ticket,  
an' make it snappy.

TICKET GIRL: But, honey, there are two of you;  
how about the other little girl with you?

H. B. L. G.: Aw, ain't we half sisters? add dat up.

*Yellow Jacket*

***"A stitch in time  
saves nine"***

## Amherst Laundry

***We Do FREE MENDING***

SUMMER BOARDER: Say, Hiram, your water is  
pretty flat.

JONSEY: Uh-huh, it was froze that way last winter.  
— *Orange Owl*

When he noticed an opportunity he whispered to  
his pal, "G'wan, ask her for a kiss. Columbus took  
a chance."

"Yes, I know. But he never took a chance like  
that."

— *Panther*

## Paper City Engraving Company



*Engravers of*  
**THE AGGIE SQUIB**



**Holyoke - Massachusetts**  
**Radcliffe Building**

### REVENGE

She was of that variety known as a "teaser," so  
despised by men. So when she puckered her lips  
and leaned forward, and he, startled, bent over to  
kiss her, she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, dear! Now  
how does the tune 'Babbling Brook' go, again?"

But about ten minutes later he got his revenge.  
He puckered his lips and leaned forward, and when  
she bent over to be kissed, he suddenly began to  
whistle "Babbling Brook."

— *N. Y. C. C. Mercury*

The Port of Missing Men: Ladies' night in a Turkish bath.

— *Yellow Jacket*

---

#### A MATTER OF LOCATION

FIRST BLADE: Say, look out niggah, I'se tough. Where ah come from dey call me wood alcohol.

SECOND BLADE: Dat's nothin'. Where alse from dey would call you milk shake.

— *Columns Sun Dodger*

MOVIE DIRECTOR: What can you do? Haven't you some special talent or inclination — some bent, as they say?

GIRL (*blushing a little*): Well, I confess I'm a little knock-kneed.

— *Centre Colonel*

BROKEN WEATHER VANE: I don't go around much any more.

GARTER (*worn by heavy Miss*): No, and I don't go round either.

— *Panther*

What is the most important punctuation mark?  
The chapel period.

— *Boll Weevil*

# BOYS!

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SCHOOL and COLLEGE ANNUALS  
A SPECIALTY

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Press Building .. Andover

"Nurse, did you kill all of the germs in the baby's milk?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I run it through the meat chopper twice."

— *Bison*

WEALTHY CAPITALIST (*offering his own life as an example of industry*): Why, do you realize that I started life without a rag to my body!

FRESH EMPLOYEE: Hell! I was born naked, too.

— *Harvard Lampoon*

"Why do they call rays of moonlight 'beams'?"

"Well, they frequently serve to hold up the courage of young men in love."

— *Chaparral*

"The Spring is here," cried the monkey, as he took the back off his Ingersol.

— *Cracker*

DOCTOR (*engaged, six months after the death of his wife, reading a letter*): This is better. She addresses me as "You dear, darling duck". My first wife used to call me a nasty old quack.

— *Panther*



## Foreword

Centuries ago their flourished a race hairy and well-nourished,  
The Cave men bold,—they had Cave women too.  
They peaceful lived and happy, for they had a technique snappy  
Of teaching those Cave women the respect they thought was due.

They had one motto,—quite enough!  
They said, “You’ve got to Treat Them Rough!”

Now today the men are shaven, but with care their brows are graben,  
Some are happy but the most of them are not;  
Modern women are appalling; unless checked, their nerve is galling.  
Still there’s one way to inform them what is what!

You still can pull the Cave man stuff,  
And most successfully Treat Them Rough.



QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE

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The Aggie Squib is published six times during the college year, by the students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College in the months of November, December, February, March, May and June. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; all literary communications and drawings to the Managing Editor. Subscribers who do not receive copies will confer a favor by reporting the same to the Circulation Manager. Subscription price \$2.00; single copies 35 cents. Entered at the Amherst Post-office as second class matter.

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SUBSCRIBERS

Any changes of address of subscribers should be reported to the Circulation Manager. Those not receiving copies are requested to notify him at once so that proper delivery can be made.

---

S

YOUNG man, can I get into the park through that gate?  
Guess so lady, I just saw a load of hay go through.

S

I F a man cut his foot with an axe would you say he'd had an accident?



# THE SQUIB

CAN YOU FEATURE THIS?

*Tune: John Brown's Body*

**W**HEN in the fall there falls the snow  
I wear my woolen socks;  
When spring arrives I gaily don  
My silk ones with the clocks;  
In summertime I swim around  
With feet undressed and bare, —  
I'm hardening them to stand the pricks  
Of winter underwear.

*Chorus:*

Glory, glory, but my feet can stand some shocks!  
They've even stood for twenty-eight-cent cotton  
bargain socks,  
But still I have to train them or the strain they  
couldn't bear,  
Of the prickling and the tickling of my winter  
underwear!

S

**W**HAT kind of a dancer is Lillian?  
A perfect toe dancer, confound it.  
Why the swear?  
They're my toes!

S

**M**ISTRESS: Josephine, your mouth is open.  
JOSEPHINE: Yas'm, I opened it.

S

**H**ELL hath no fury like a woman scorned,  
Yes, —  
So the books all tell.  
But I know this: A woman scorned  
Gets furious as Hell!

S

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

**F**IRST GHOST: Welcome to Hades! But how  
did you manage to lose your head?  
SECOND DITTO: I winked at the Queen and she  
cut me dead.



**H**I, Ebenezer, how's 'taters'?"  
"Slicker'n a whistle. How's the family?  
You got three young 'uns, hain't ye? All chipper as  
usual? — to-morrer I hear yer a-going ter celebrate  
the fourth."

S

MORE LIKE IT

**B**EEN to the college football game, eh!  
Is your son on the team?"  
"Judging by his looks I should say the team was  
on him."

S

**F**IRST GOOF (*in a rainstorm*): Hey, is your  
cigarette going?  
SECOND DITTO: Yes, — out.

S

**T**HE prim red rose gets redder still  
Whenever the wind blows;  
"I'm so afraid I'll chance to see,"  
Said she, "the garden hose."

# THE SQUIB

MY mother-in-law, she is dead. She got shut in  
a folding bed.  
Bumpity, bumpity, bump, bump.  
Ever since my mother-in-law's been dead, my friends  
all borrow my folding bed,  
For they all have mothers-in-law, they say.  
Bumpity, bumpity, bump, bump, bump.

S

## RUFFING IT

(A tragedy in Sick Stanzas)

A FLOAT, in a boat,  
Out on the briny deep.  
A fishline in one hand,  
Lunch in the other,  
What could be sweeter?

Afloat, in a boat;  
There is no more lunch.  
Let the fishing begin,  
For I've got a hunch  
There's big game to win.

Afloat, in a boat;  
Oh, what a motion.  
Great Land o' Goshen!  
Hold everything, men!  
She's rolling again.

Afloat, in a boat,  
How sun pouring down.  
OOOOOOOOOOHHH!  
I'm sorry I ate,  
Darn the smell of that bait.

Afloat, in . . . . . glug;  
Oh! . . . . . Help!  
A boat, . . . . . hic . . . . . ow!  
. . . . . Uhhhhh . . . . . The fish  
Won't bite now. Let's go.

Afloat, in a boat;  
Now I feel better,  
But I don't know whether  
I like fishing or not —  
Afloat, in a boat.

S

"THAT girl is strong for Indian gifts."  
"What do you mean by Indian gifts?"  
"Taking back what she gives you."  
"Well, what particularly?"  
"Kisses."



FIGURING IN A SENSATIONAL PLAY

S

## SUMMER FANCIES

AT first I fell in love with two eyes of black,  
Two beautiful, dreamy eyes of black!  
They beamed at me and won my heart,  
And finally of my life became a part.  
But dangerous black eyes can so fickle be  
That even tho they smiled at me,  
They tried to break my heart.

But then I met two eyes of beautiful gray;  
Two quiet, soothing eyes of heavenly gray!  
But these two eyes, they smiled in scorn,  
And so I was left forlorn,  
For when I told of my love's great passion,  
Gray eyes smiled in haphazard fashion.  
No love for me these eyes ever knew  
So I left for eyes of blue.

Two eyes of beautiful, sky-like blue.  
They glanced at me so very sweet  
I felt my world was all complete.  
In these love was great and true.  
Can I but win, I'll ask no more,  
My life I'll spend in worship and adore,  
Slave for you, work for you always content  
If only, dear one, you'll consent.



---

# THE SQUIB

---



## *Editorials*

**W**HY a “Ruff” number? Pick out a comfortable chair, turn on the light, and in a few hours and fewer words, we will tell you. To begin with, a ruff used to be the most important part of a man’s attire. No perfectly dressed knight, smartly turned out by the local Hark, Shafts, and Marks, ever thought of calling on his lady love without donning the latest in ruffs. That sort of ruff stuff is gone forever. We don’t wear our Arrow collars in pleats and ruffles any more, to say nothing of the fancy lace edges like a ten-dollar box of Whatzis Candy. “Ruff stuff” today is of two kinds, mental and physical. The mental variety is, well, the sort of thing you invariably think of but can’t say when you are taking Aunt Minnie home from prayer meeting. Some magazines thrive on it, and some in spite of it. Usually it is denatured from the viciously amusing to the respectably humorous. The physical kind may be roughly classed (yes, that is intentional!) as Fun or Business. Fun, in general, is concerned with the girls you know, and Business with the girls who know you. Get the distinction? In connection with the Rough Stuff we have read that Sheiking isn’t getting away as well as it used to, but while brave men still love fair women, and the little clinging vines still murmur, “You are *so* big and strong, Georgie dear,— you just make me love you!”, there will still be Rough Stuff; therefore, this number, dedicated to what was, is, and will be.

### S

**W**E learn much from the legends of the ancients. One of our most interesting legends is the story of the crow. History tells us that more than four thousand years ago, the great Mohukus, monarch of the kingdom of Walla Walla, becoming exasperated at his favorite court jester, descended from his throne, seized the jester by the seat of his purple trousers, and dumped him bodily into a kettle of live crabs. Immediately, the great Mohukus ordained that all of his warriors should search the kingdom for the funniest object which could be found, to take the place of the crabbed jester. In a short time many and varied objects found their way to the court, but none appealed to the King. At last a traveler from Leverett brought in the most curious bird which had ever been seen. It was black as coal, with a gleaming eye and a raucous voice. This bird was chosen by the King as the funniest thing that he had ever seen. Each and every time the King looked at this curious product of nature, he burst into long, hearty laughter. From this time forth the crow held sway as symbol of the crabbed court jester and symbol of all that was funny. Every time he opened his mouth his sally was greeted with laughter. Hence, when the students of our glorious college sought for a mascot for our great comic publication they hit upon this legend, and from then until now SQUIBBY has been pictured as a crow.



# THE SQUIB

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: Yes, Willie, you can say, "The mouse lives in the house," but you would be severely criticized if you remarked that "The mice live in the hice." It isn't being done this year.

S

HE: Are you going to the show tonight?

SHE: A show of my own.

HE: Oh, taking a bath?

S

"I AM finis."  
"You poor fish."

S

## A SURVEYER

SAL: The shoulder is no place to kiss a girl.

SAL: I—I simply made a topographical error, but I'll be sure it is placed on the right contour this time,—as he met her lips squarely.

S

## ARBOREAL CHATTER

"I SHOULD think that you would go out for track; look at the rangy limbs you have."

"Yes, but look at the trunk that I have to carry around."

"Oh, don't worry about that; it would be reduced to a twig in two weeks."

S

"I WOULD trust my wife anywhere."

"Well, my wife is trusted everywhere, but I have to pay the bills."

S

A FRESHMAN competitor told me confidentially that he couldn't find "ruff" in the dictionary.

What d'you think of THAT?

S

"MISS Prune has a pretty face, hasn't she?"

"No, you dumbell."

"Sure she has. Pretty poor."

S

"WHAT did the cave-girl say to the cave-man when she wanted him to love her?"

"Ruff me!"

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JEAN LARUE

SOMEBURG, VERMONT

*Monday*

Dis morning I wake me up bout four oclock and after pull de string hitch to ma boy Joseph toe asleep up stair, I go to de barn for milk ma cow. When I firs see de inside of dat barn me I tink I have lil too much cider lass night.

Ma hoss is in de cow stall wit de hitch rope roun de back end and de front end where she dont belong. Den I take look in de hoss stall and ma cow she is try to climb tru de window but de window too small so she is stick half way tru and kick like one mule. After I axtricate de cow from de wrong place and put ma hoss where he go I lak to wonder how such ting is happen. Den I tink maybe de medecin what de doctor say to give dem is cause de troble. So I tak look at de bottle and everything is tell bout itself all at once. On de label to dat bottle she is say — Whiskey — guarantee to give effect. Where is dat medecin I lak to wonder but I tink she show up soon.

*Tuesday*

Dis morning I dont wake up because I aint sleep all night. Bout ten oclock lass night I begin feel queer feelin roun ma middle part. I spik to ma wife Marie but she say jus a lil bit indigeschun. But she aint stop so I tak me some hot water bag and go to ma bed. After try all position from jacknife to boardwalk I tink she get worse so I call ma wife Marie to spik wit de doctor but he gone to bed and aint get up till 9 A.M.

Bim bi it get so excite in ma middle dat I mak noise lak one groan and ma boy Pete is say to turn dat cow out. Bout now it is day break and I tink some oder ting is going to break too. After long time I get rid of some of dat pain but she lak one bulldog — she bite one minit and wag him tail de nex. Bout five P.M. dis afternoon I begin feel beter. Me I tink I know where ma hoss medecin is go now and tink ma hoss and cow is owe me one medal for sacrifice me to dem.

S

HE: Isn't this a LOVELY evening?

SHE: Yes, but I can't see that you are taking advantage of it.



# THE SQUIB

1ST SOT: Isn't there a light in my room?

2ND SOT: I put it out.

1ST SOT (*after a lapse of fifteen minutes*): Shay, you shaid you put out my light, but I've hunted all over the yard for it and it isn't there.

S

DORIS: It's hotter than love in here. Why don't you open the window, May?

RUTH: Oh well, May's used to that.

S

## ONLY A BOX

ONLY a box, secure and strong, rough and wooden and six feet long,  
Standing there in the drizzling rain, waiting to take the up-bound train.

Only its owner, just inside, cold and livid and glassy-eyed;

Little cares he if the train be late; he has nothing to do but lie and wait.

S

## THE FUSSER IN COUPLETS

IN the evening he goes out fussing;  
In the morning he gets up cussing.

To chapel he goes a-creeping  
To quiet his nerves with sleeping.

Class-hours are spent in dreaming,  
The lecture past him streaming.

Having put in one day more,  
That night he does the same thing o'er.

S



I.



II.



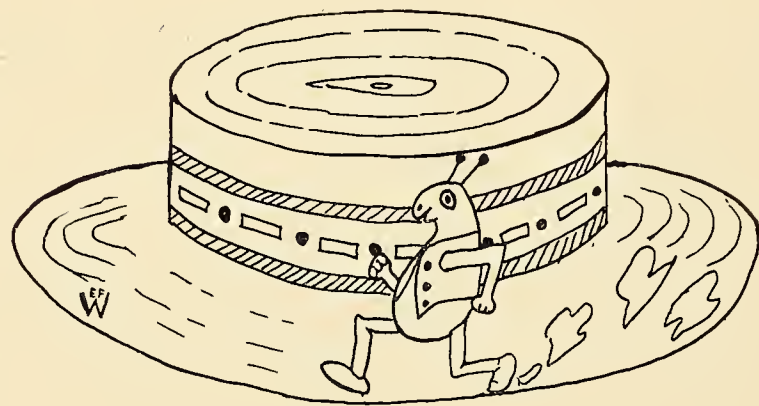
III.



IV.

EV.

EVOLUTION—FROM DOG TO DOGMA



JOHNNY BUG: Gee! I am going to follow this band around and maybe I will hear some music.

S

THIS college certainly turns out fine men.  
How's that? When did you graduate?  
Didn't graduate, they turned me out.

S

## THE BOTANIST'S PLEA

NEATH the chlorophyll shade of a tree  
Where the angiosperms riot free,  
And the bright flowers you see  
Have names long and juicy  
All ending in something — "ae."

Where deciduous pines are a-flowering  
(In catkins, my love, not in bloom)  
And ontogeny's always so busy  
With phylogeny there in the gloom;

Where productions of seeds never pause.  
According to Darwin's strict laws,  
And the mesophytes fight  
With the dicots all night,  
(Phyllotaxies run wild there because

The leaves are adapted to shade, love)  
And there they will shade you and me,  
So meet me, dear, as I have told you  
And we'll talk of — your morphology!

S

"I MAY be down but I'm not out," thought the runner as he safely slid third.

---

# THE SQUIB

---

## THE DIARY OF THE ABBEY TELEPHONE

**O**CTOBER 1.—Anyway, I had a nice quiet summer. It wouldn't be so bad now if I didn't have to listen to these date-makers.

"Yes, this is Araminta."

"Going to be doing anything tonight?"

"I don't know. Who's asking?"

"Does it make any difference, dearie?" Etc., etc.

*December 1.*—That boy Dick works me overtime. It's lucky I can't tell tales. They ought to invent telephonic carbon copies for him. It would save a lot of breath that way.

*February 1.*—I don't get a minute's rest. It is easier to phone than to go out on a night like this. I fairly squeak with weariness sometimes. And then they howl that I give rotten service.

*April 1.*—My worst day. Everything from mushy proposals ending in "Ha-ha! April Fool!" to people continually asking "Is this the Poultry Plant? Well, have you any nice little chickens there?"

*June 1.*—I hardly think I can live through the month. I put in more overtime than a man on triple pay, and that Dick calls all his girls continually. I feel weaker each time. His line is so hot that it melts my poor line entirely.

*June 15.*—"Phone out of order."

S

## A MODEST PROPOSAL FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF KNOWLEDGE

**T**O THE STUDENT BODY:

Having with sorrow noted how some students have a slight difficulty in passing certain written exercises, humorously termed examinations, and believing that Science should at all possible times aid man, I modestly venture to advance the following idea.

Each student, on the payment of a nominal fee, shall be supplied with a small set of radio receivers, each ear-piece to be covered with a painted piece of cloth resembling an ear. This renders detection practically impossible. Women may have covers of ribbon, simulating headbands. (State color desired.)

Every morning an adequate program consisting of appropriate admonitions will be broadcasted. Competent instructors will detail processes and make any necessary explanations.

As we have said, a small fee will be charged.

Wave lengths: 245, 345, 564 meters.

### SAMPLE PROGRAM

8- 8.50 Assorted Statistics.  
Complete set of reflexes and inhibitions.  
Chemical reactions.

9- 9.50 Physical Phacts, by Prof. G. D. Bunk.

10-10.50 Mixed lecture, Vet, and other subjects.  
Lecture I. Botts and Botany.

11-11.50 The Hort Man, His Work. Lecture by Prof. Prune.

Applied English, including an exhaustive study of the following dialects: Business, Campus, Poker, and Petting.

And so on for the rest of the day.

Anyone wishing further information concerning this proposed service to humanity, or those having old receiving sets to donate, are cordially invited to get in touch with the author.

WATT A. LYRE



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# THE SQUIB

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THE RAZOR — IN A “FAIR WAY”, GETTING OUT OF THE “ROUGH.”

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# THE SQUIB

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## THE DANCE

*(As some modern authors might do it but don't)*

### I. SINCLAIR LEWIS.

George J. Jones leaned against the railing and groaned. Why in hell had he taken that last drink? Shoe polish, probably, or maybe varnish. He pulled out his Ingersoll. Eleven-ten. Well, she wouldn't want to go home a while yet, anyway. He lit another Fatima, with a Diamond match, and blew out the smoke in two long jets like the preliminary snorts of a locomotive. Helen was dancing in there — nice girl, getting a little fat maybe.

"Hello, George, what's the good word?"

Bob Green had come out on the piazza.

"Good, hell! Gotta lay off'n liquor. Course I can take it or leave it, but good Lord, you've gotta have something to do at a dance besides give the women a thrill."

He looked at the Ingersoll again. Eleven-twenty this time.

He went in to dance with Helen.

### II. RUDYARD KIPLING.

His brown face smiled.

"Been dancing? Thought you didn't care for the whirl. Should have been with us last night — no end of a rag! Locked old Cairnsley-Poggs into the cellar and filled all his boots full of molasses."

He lit a cigarette as coolly as if he had been tamping in the last charge of dynamite on an Irawady irrigation dam.

"Ripping, absolutely," he said firmly, and left the dressing room.

### III. ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT.

The dress twinkled. It was a very twinkly dress. It was pink.

"Oh, oh," she raptured, "aren't the stars wonderful tonight?" She moved into a darker corner. When the moon didn't strike the dress, it wasn't so twinkly.

"Yes," he enfolded, "the stars *are* wonderful and so are you. Look, can you see that big one just over my shoulder?"

She was very small. She had to look up.

Ye ——" she commenced.

The orchestra played. It played "Kiss Me Again". She liked it.



---

# THE SQUIB

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## IV. E. M. HULL.

Under his burning gaze her heart beat as if she were running. His eyes were on her white shoulder where the jade green of her dress fell away from the warm ivory of her skin.

“Come to me, little ice maiden,” he said tensely.

“No,” she breathed. “Never, never. I hate you! I hate you!”

He laughed, showing white, even teeth, then slowly, relentlessly, he grasped her and bent her to him, her flexible body bending backwards under the cruel pressure.

“Kiss me, I tell you,” he commanded harshly.

As his lips touched hers, she felt an ecstasy of rapture, and their souls mingled in a long, long kiss.

She sighed. “Do cut in again this evening.” she begged.

He had tamed her utterly.

## V. CARL SANDBURG

Shining slippers.

Hundreds of them, slender, fat, large, small,—

But shining as if greased,

Weaving in and out to the brassy strains of the latest syncopation.

Shining slippers —

How many loaves of bread could have

Been bought for the starving Russians

With the money that was

Wasted

On those shining slippers!

S

## THE CO-ED'S CREDO

**S**HE believes that:

1. The campus was made for men. “—— just look at the size of it, my dear! Now if *I'd* been making it ——”

2. Feet are important. “——well, I know he is sort of funny looking, but he's a whiz of a dancer!”

3. Sunday nights are made for hard study. (?)

4. Men always compare notes. “—— and wouldn't I *love* to hear what they say after they get back to their houses ——”

5. Every fraternity has a nickel on a string to use for telephone calls.

6. Bands were made for Beans. “—— do you like this color or had I better put on the green one?”

7. Every time a man says, “I sure was out on a big party last night,” that he was.

8. Strolls are more important than Studies.

9. When she is told “You know, there's something different about you. You're not like most of the girls I ——” she ought to believe some of it.

10. The best place to powder her nose is

a. Stockbridge steps

b. Wilder Hall.

c. French Hall.

d. Math Building

e. Draper Hall

f. Or where have you seen her doing it?

# THE SQUIB



“AND just think, boys,” said the guide, an old mountain climber, “I can remember when this broad highway was just a little path.”

S

WHEN they neared Coney Island shore, the lion let out an awful roar:  
“What’s matter?” sez Noah. Sez the lion,  
“I’m sore. You’ll sell us to Ringling tomorrow.”

*Chorus*

Old Man Noah knew a thing or two — etc.

S

PROF.: How many kinds of flowers are there?  
STUDE: Three, Sir.

PROF.: Is that so. Name them then.

STUDE: Wild, tame, and collie.

S

A TOWN  
May be famous  
For its beautiful women  
But  
The iceman knows better.

S

## TRIOLET (TO A DISTANT DAMSEL)

I FIND I can love you no more,  
So tear up the letters I sent you, —  
There must be at least several score,  
I find I can love you no more.  
I have a new girl to adore  
Here. I can’t pay for stamps and my rent too.  
I find I can love you no more,  
So tear up the letters I sent you.

HE: What character do you have in the next act?

SHE: I’m not supposed to have any character.  
I’m in the chorus.

S

“I HAVE a terrible rumbling in my stomach. It is like a wagon going over a bridge.”  
“It’s most probably that truck you had for dinner.”

S

## THE MODERN WOMAN

OH will you marry, my pretty maid?  
Oh won’t you marry, my pretty maid?  
I have no money, but plenty of love,  
And a tiny cottage with roses above.  
No thank you, sir, she said.

Oh will you marry, my pretty maid?  
Oh won’t you marry, my pretty maid?  
I am old, it is true, but I’ve millions all told,  
Your gowns will be velvet, your dishes of gold,  
Yes, thank you, sir, she said.

S

A CENTURY ago men tried to find game; now they try to be game.

S

## THE BIOLOGIST BATHES

HERE where the planktons surge  
I can feel the cosmic urge.  
My soma pillows itself on the billows  
To an orthogenetical dirge  
Of atoms continually shattered  
On shores rock-bound and wave-battered,  
But my soma sleeps on these teeming deeps,  
In a bathing suit rented, and tattered!

S

SOME one suggests that a kiss is like a bottle of olives.  
After you get the first one the rest come easy.

S

“THE college certainly takes an interest in a fellow, doesn’t it?”  
“How’s that?”

“Well I read in the graduate magazine that they will be glad to hear of the death of any alumni.”

S

FROSH (*to teacher*): If I am not mistaken, there is a theory that if you sleep so that the moon shines on you, you will become a lunatic.

ANOTHER FROSH: Ah, he means if you drink moonshine.



---

# THE SQUIB

---

## THE WINGED WINKLES

OR

## A SEA SAGA

**W**INGED Winkles resemble large purplish  
snails

With touches of yellow and blue.

The man who collects them makes fabulous sums  
By stocking up side-shows and aquariums,

And collecting the money then due.

At midnight exactly when bright is the sun,

He takes out his dory, an egg, and a bun,

A lot of fly-paper and two quarts of rum

And a plug of tobacco to chew.

He hunts for a wave that is pierced full of holes

Like a honey-comb. There they abide.

The Winkles come out every night for a fly;

Their wings are pea-green and they stretch them to  
dry,

As they sociably flit side by side.

Their favorite food is the Liquid-fire Fly,

And, rum smelling the same, they are lured on by

The sweet scent, and persistently, constantly try  
To fly into that boat on the tide.

The next thing he does is spread fly-paper sheets

So they carpet completely the dory;

The Winkles get stuck up the moment they land

And the fisherman gets every one of the band

From the children to grandparents hoary;

He puts them in boxes of lavender tin;

Eats the egg and the bun, — then it's time to begin

To drink all the rum, which he does with a vim,

So he says, and I don't doubt his story!

It is hard to row home with the Winkles on board,

Seeing two waves where one was before.

But the Winkles, like clams, are not noisy at best,

So he rows and he chews (with a moment to rest)

And at last he comes safe to the shore.

He sends off the Winkles at once on the train,

First hoping politely they've suffered no pain,

And then staggers off to his home once again, —

To dream of the Winkles, — and snore.

There's no more!

## TO MY PIPE

**L**ET us drink to the Pipe at eventide  
Which to us is far better than a blushing bride.  
As its heavy smoke floats on the air  
It seems to bring back memories very rare:  
Pictures of our college friends long ago,  
We can see in the shadows as they come and go;  
And the long lost love of our college days seems  
To be brought to life by our Pipe-Dreams.

S

**T**HE man who wakes up and finds himself  
famous hasn't been asleep.

S

**P**ROF: What is an oyster?

STUDE: An oyster is a fish built like a nut.

S

**S**O Hazel is to be married, ch?

Yes, so I hear.

Who is the happy man?

Her father.

S

**K**ITTY: Isn't Marion a picture in her new  
winter hat!

CATTY: Yes, it frames a painted surface.

S



# THE SQUIB

## ECHOES FROM THE RIFLE RANGE

"DO you know how to ride?"  
"Yes, a little."  
"Well, then practice a little on this Colt."

S

IKE: Suppose you were in my shoes, what would you do?

MIKE: I'd shine them.

S

PROF (*in zoology lab.*): What insect lives on the least food?

BRIGHT PUPIL: The moth. It eats holes.

S

## APOLOGIES TO HOOD

NO shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
No doughnuts, no work, — November.

S

## TO MY GIRL

(*Answering the old question, "What are little girls made of?"*)

IF you were made of sugar and spice,  
That truly would be very nice;  
But from the way you act to me  
You're made of lemons and bitter tea.

S



HELLO! Is this the clerk? Will you send up a bottle of Pluto Water?

We don't keep it.

Well, do you keep any other kind of toilet water?

S

I must back to the college again—to the student's life,

To the dread way and the sad way where the Dean's board's like a knife;

And all I ask is a tale of woe from an equally plucky rover,

And little sleep, and dreams of Hamp when the long day's over.

## APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD K.

"WHAT is the old bell ringing for?" said students in the hall.

"We won the game; we won the game," the cheer-leader did call.

"What makes you look so sad, so sad?" said students in the hall.

"I'm thing that I wasn't there," the cheer-leader did call.

"For our singing carried volumes of Alma Mater's joy,

It said a million dollars for our college, — bot, my boy,

To have raised our cheers to Heaven would have been my greatest joy;

But I lost that BIAStED train in the morning."

FOOTBALL COACH (*to beginner*): What experience have you had before?

"Well, this summer I was hit by two autos and a truck."

S

## TO THE GIRL IN GREEN

YOU can lead a horse to water but you cannot make it drink,

You can take a Soph to Physics but you cannot make him think,

And no matter how you try

To give me the glad eye,

You can flirt with me, my daughter, but you cannot make me wink

S

"ROUND, round, round," — What, Algernon?  
No, this isn't a Mayday song. It's the Waltz of the Pencils, from the Dean's Saturday Reports.



# THE SQUIB



- RIDING THE WAVES -

**D**AUGHTER, I forbade you emphatically — not to get one of those permanent waves.

But, —

Don't be "butting" in. When I say a thing I mean it. Oh dear, what is this younger generation coming to? You tell 'em one thing and they do another — run out nights and sleep all day. When I was young the old curling iron was good enough for me and still is —

But, Mother, all the girls —

I don't care what the other girls do. You must think your father is a millionaire. It's all he can do to keep afloat. That's the trouble nowadays — always trying to keep up with the Joneses. I hear tell that these waves cost a pile, and —

Mother, my allow —

Yes, your allowance — Ain't I always a-giving you money to buy the newest fads after your money's all gone. Always sacrificing for you kids and never a thank. I s'pose that's always the way. Wait'll you get some of your own. — How much did it cost, anyway?

Fifty dollars —

Good Heavens, child! What's this world coming to? Didn't those 'lectric things nearly kill you? I should think it 'ould ruin your hair. Didn't it hurt? How long will it last? It does look rather nice, though.

Hurt a little—but it'll last two or three years.

Who did your job? I think I'll have mine done, it's such a bother the old-fashioned way.

So poor dad continues to ride the stormy waves, as he always has and always will.

S

**T**HERE has never been a completely satisfied man. Even the policeman on his beat reflects sadly that he is above his present walk in life.

**W**HAT are you doing?"

"I'm mending one of the clocks on my stock - ing."

"Oh, taking a stitch in time!"



# THE SQUIB



MOTHER: That young man had no business to kiss you last night.

DAUGHTER: But that wasn't business; it was pleasure.

— Chaparral

S

## HIS FATHER'S SON

"Tell me truly does the baby really take after his father?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, indeed — why when we took the darling's bottle away, he tried to creep down the cellar stairs.

— Orange Owl

S

MOTHER: Mary, did you take sister's cigarettes from her bureau?

MARY (age 12): Yes, mother, I cannot tell a lie.

MOTHER: Shame on you, Mary, haven't I taught you that it's wrong to steal?

— Chaparral

S

DOT (*just introduced*): You seem familiar.

BUD: I haven't started yet.

— Beanpot

S

## CROESUS' DAUGHTER

YOUNG PROF.: I'd give a thousand dollars just to kiss those lips.

INNOCENT CO-ED: My! my!

YOUNG PROF.: Do I weary you, my dear?

INNOCENT CO-ED: No, but I was just thinking of the fortune I gave away at the last dance.

— Boll Weevil

S

ROOKIE SENTRY: Who goes there?

TIMID VOICE: N-nobody.

ROOKIE SENTRY (*to himself*): That's funny. I'd have sworn I heard someone there.

— Harvard Lampoon

She was a freshman from Vassar. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I simply can't adjust my curriculum."

"It doesn't show any," he reassured her, blushing. And then they both talked rapidly about the decorations.

— Jester

S

Don't propose on Sunday; contracts made on that day are not binding.

— Harvard Lampoon

S

## CAN YOU BLAME HIM?

The other day a very promising young college grad killed himself and no one was able to find a motive for his desire to die. On looking through his papers the following note was found:

"Life is no use! I am convinced that college comic magazines are right about women!"

— Centre Colonel

S

## PASSION

It was such a night as Leander punted the Hellespont, and Mark Anthony marked time at the feet of Cleopatra forgetting even his patrimony. It was such a night as Dido dipped digitalis in order to forget that Aeneas had given her the slip, and it was such a night as Helen made Paris think that he was in Paris. It was such a night as tonight. It was a darn good night for necking — and that's what we weren't doing nothing else but. Suddenly I tore my lips away from her neck — it pains me even now to think of it. With one last look of pity I cast her at my feet, and walked off. Enough of a thing is enough, and I had eaten every bite of meat off that chicken's neck.

Boll Weevil



QUESTION: If a burglar broke into the Bank President's home and found Mrs. B. P. aroused from her slumbers, and in the act of descending the stairs en negligee, what would be the proper thing for him to do?

ANSWER: Cover her with his revolver.

— *Bison*

I love my girl most every place,  
Except at football games.  
She has to know the players all  
By their respective names.  
She cheers when our opponents  
Smash off twenty through the line,  
And when I tell her not, she says  
"I thought that that was fine!"  
Each time she starts to talk I look  
For something I can hide in;  
I know she thinks a football coach  
Is used for teams to ride in.  
When to the field we go I nearly  
Wish I was at Ames;  
I love my girl most every place,  
Except at football games.

— *Showme*

"I heard you had trouble last night?  
"Yep, flat tire."  
"I know, I saw you with her."

— *Brown Jug*

At Palm Beach said mother to daughter,  
"I hope you'll show pride in the water;  
For I heard yesterday  
In a round-about way,  
That you really showed more than you oughter."  
— *Juggler*

STEWED HONEY: I'd like to see you apart for a moment.

LADY CLERK: Say, kid, whadayah think I am, a puzzle for the little ones?

— *Beanpot*

EVE (*from the bushes*): Adam, dear, close your eyes so I can come home.

ADAM: What's the matter, my own.

EVE: I've been A. W. O. L.

— *Dirge*

"I don't see where we can put up this lecturer for the night."

"Don't worry — he always brings his own bunk."

— *Tiger*

QUERY: What is the best kind of swimmin'?

ANSWER: Loose Swimmin'.

— *Jack-'o-lantern*

## All Successful Men Use the Toasted Process in Their Business!

THEY CALL it Efficiency.

But it amounts to the same thing.

Because, stripped of its purely technical significance, the Toasted Process is efficiency by another name. It represents the last ounce of effort which, in all the production of men, distinguishes the isolated examples of quality. Toasting the tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES adds 45 minutes to the cost of production, but it seals in the flavor!

And we would rather save the flavor than the time.

© Guaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*

### CHANGE TO THE BRAND THAT NEVER CHANGES





# CLOTHES

*for*

## COLLEGE MEN

*for Thirty-Five Years*

---

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes  
Mallory Hats  
Interwoven Sox

---

## F. M. Thompson & Son

### ABIE MAKES THE TEAM

"My son Abie comes home de oder day and tells me he made de football team. 'The coach gave out the positions yesterday,' says Abie, 'and he gave me quarterback.' 'Gave you quarterback?' I says; 'for why you give him the quarter in the first place?'"

"He tells me I don't understand and give me a ticket to see a game. I vent to de game and grabbed a seat in de first row so I could see vat Abie did.

"Somebody blew a whistle and den everybody gets togeder and kneels down like as if dey was looking for someding dey lost. All at vunce dey start to auction off the ball. My Abie yells out, '46-47-48' — I yells '49,' but dey don't pay no attention. Den Abie yells '50,' and he gets de ball. Dat kid always did try to go his fader vun better. Abie starts to run away vid de ball and everybody jumps on him like dey was mad because he took it. Some rowdy knocks him down and de rest of de bums jump on top of him.

"Den all de people in de grandstand get up and shout, 'Hooray for Abie, he gained a yard.'

"'He gained a yard,' dey say, but I tink dey must be blind, because all I saw was dat he lost a foot."

— N. Y. C. C. Mercury

### NATURE STUDY

The girl stood on the old stone wall,  
I offered my hand,  
She jumped, and screamed, and that ain't all —  
Good gosh! Ain't Nature grand?

— Showme

PAYING TELLER: But madam, you will have to be identified before I can cash this check for you.

FAIR CALLER (*blushing furiously*): Oh, I just hate to do it, and I know George would be dreadfully angry, but I have a love letter here which describes me fully, if you would care to see it.

— Orange Owl

"My girl changed photographers, last week."

"Why?"

"The last one wrote on the back of each negative: 'The original of this is carefully preserved'."

— Yellow Jacket

HIRAM: My daughter at college writes me that the Purity League there had a parade for all students who had never kissed a girl.

RUBEN: How did it turn out?

HIRAM: One of the fellows took sick and the other one wouldn't march alone.

Columns—Sun Dodger

## CALL 'HAMP 96

### FOR

## TAXI SERVICE

### Remember:

We carry your athletic teams.

"Nuffsed"

## City Taxicab Service

Draper Hotel Building  
Northampton

## PHONE 96



FIRST FLAPPER: Have you ever felt blue?  
TOOTH DITTO: Oh yes, I've had dates with sailors.  
— *Centre Colonel*

---

Maiden fair,  
Raven hair,  
Saucy lips and  
Baby stare;  
All entrance,  
Sycophants,  
(Me, as much as anyone).  
But, as seems the usual course of love in modern  
times  
(Quite contrary to all the tales in olden rhymes),  
There's a drawback to my marrying you, sweet one,  
It blocks my way; it can't be overcome;  
It squelches me, and all ardor repels,  
It seems that you're in love with someone else!  
— *Chaparral*

---

A modern scientist says that emotion expresses it-  
self at the weakest point.  
We don't wonder then that a Co-ed always clutch-  
es at her heart and a freshman at his head.  
— *Froth*

---

## DID YOU EVER TRY *A Steak or Chicken Dinner*

at

# *The Manse*

54 Prospect Street  
Northampton, Massachusetts

If not, you better start at once before  
the trolleys stop running.

---

*We Cater to Stag Parties, too.*

---

TELEPHONE 1316-M

## WHEN IN HAMP

VISIT

### "The Sweetest Shop in Town"

---

Home Made Candies  
Home Made Ice Creams  
Home Made Lunches  
— *The Kinds Everybody Likes*

---

## *Beckman's*

Candy Shop      Soda Shop  
— *Meet Your Pals Here*

### A WONDERFUL HOUSE

A lady and her daughter were looking through  
some houses with the intention of buying one.  
Suddenly the daughter exclaimed:

"Oh, mother! Wouldn't this be a perfectly won-  
derful house to give a dance in?"

"But aren't the rooms rather small, dear?"

"Yes; but the staircase is perfectly marvelous!"

— *Harvard Lampoon*

---

CLERGYMAN (to son of a parishioner rather ad-  
dicted to hunting on Sunday): My little boy, I  
didn't see your father at church this morning; I  
am afraid he does not fear God.

YOUNG HEATHEN: Oh, yes, I guess he does; he  
took his gun with him this morning.

— *Panther*

---

HOPEFUL YOUTH: Sir, I want to marry your  
daughter.

STERN PAPA: What on?

H. Y.: Why — er — about June 15.

— *Chaparral*

---

You may be in love with a dozen, but you can  
only kiss one at a time.

— *Bison*

# J. GINSBURG

19 Pleasant Street

Offers you a high grade of  
**SHOES and RUBBERS**  
and of **OVERSHOES** of All Kinds

**Special Shoe Repairing**  
Called for and Delivered

TELEPHONE 656-M

MAZOLA: She surely is a cultivated lady all right!

OLIVE: What makes you think so?

MAZOLA: Look how she weeds out her eyebrows and trims her nails.

— *Mirror*

## HEARD AT THE RITZ

"Oh, yes, you Americans are all right, but I just can't grasp your slang. To show you what I mean, old frolic: that fellow sitting next to me at dinner, the silly ass, made some blasted reference to a 'cat's ankle.' Now what the devil did he mean? He also talked about the same cat's nightgown. I simply couldn't grasp it, you know, so I grasped the first opportunity to shed him and shoved off. Of course, dear thing, you understand this beastly jargon, and you don't notice the blighted stuff, because you hear it every bloody day. Just the same, work the old bean a little and see if you can't understand why I hate so blasted much to hear the jolly old king's English murdered so. Well, Pip, pip."

— *Boll Weevil*

Bo: You look sick. What's the trouble?

Jo: Oh. I caught cold riding a draft horse."

— *Froth*

## EVER BEEN THERE?

They were at a dance — one of those affairs where everybody watches everybody else — and they were not getting along at all well. Said she to soothe him:

"Dear — I'll tell you a secret. You're the first man I ever danced with."

"That's no secret!" he snapped as he shoved her into a seat.

— *Beanpot*

## WHAT?

RASTUS: Gal, did yu get them flowers I sent you?

RASTETTE: Didn't get nuthin' else.

RASTUS: Gal, did yu wear them flowers I sent yu?

RASTETTE: Didn't wear nuthin' else.

RASTUS: Then what did you pen em tu?

— *Boll Weevil*

"What's the idea of hanging your milk bottle out the second story window — do you expect the cow to fly up?"

"No, but it's closer to the Milky Way."

— *Yellow Jacket*

## Dear Student:

It is true now, as it always has been, that appearances count for a great deal in forming the outside world's opinion of a man.

There is zest and character in this Fall's furnishings. To freshen up your wardrobe at this time does much to inspire and invigorate (mental effect on the wearer is one reason for dressing well).

One or two items may very likely be all you need. You will find us as pleased to serve you in small matters as in large purchases. May we count for you to be among the first to see the new men's wear?

Faithfully yours,

R. F. ARMSTRONG & SON

29 Main St.

Northampton





ANTOINE LAURENT LAVOISIER  
1743-1794

Born in Paris, son of a wealthy tradesman. As a student won a prize for an essay on lighting the streets of Paris. Held various Government posts. A martyr of the Reign of Terror. Founder of modern chemistry.

## They couldn't destroy the work he did

"The Republic has no need for savants," sneered a tool of Robespierre as he sent Lavoisier, founder of modern chemistry, to the guillotine. A century later the French Government collected all the scientific studies of this great citizen of Paris and published them, that the record of his researches might be preserved for all time.

Lavoisier showed the errors of the theory of phlogiston—that hypothetical, material substance which was believed to be an element of all combustible compounds and to produce fire when liberated. He proved fire to be the union of other elements with a gas which he named oxygen.

Lavoisier's work goes on. In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company the determination of the effects of atmospheric air on lamp filaments, on metals and on delicate instruments is possible because of the discoveries of Lavoisier and his contemporaries.



This is the mark of the General Electric Company, an organization of 100,000 men and women engaged in producing the tools by which electricity—man's great servant—is making the world a better place to live in.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

---





ARROW  
COLLARS  
& SHIRTS  
FOR DRESS



Feb 24 Feb 1924



MOVIE

NUMBER



# The Hampden National Bank

WESTFIELD  
MASSACHUSETTS

---

COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS  
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES  
50-WEEK CLUBS

---

We can help you in all branches of Banking  
Your business is respectfully solicited

PROF.: Is it not peculiar that when a person is blind his hearing is better and vice versa. The law of compensation always comes into action.

STUDE: Yes, I have noted that myself. For example, when a person has a short leg, the other is somewhat longer.

— Stone Mill

---

Little sister was telling the next door girl all about it.

“My sister Beatrice is awfully lucky.

“She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates.”

“Well, how was Beatrice lucky?”

“She came home with thirteen boxes of chocolates.”

— Bison

---

“What do you think of a boy who will make a girl blush?”

“I think he’s a wonder.”

— Yellow Jacket

MARY: Jack, do you believe that it’s right to kiss a girl?”

JACK (*pulling lamp cord*): Well, darling, that is no light subject.

— Black and Blue Jay

---

BIM: Better bail out the boat; she’s half full.

BAM: ‘S alright; it’ll run right over, soon’s she’s full.

— Medley

---

WIFE (*who is terribly mad*): Are all men fools?

HUSBAND (*meekly*): No, some are bachelors.

— Orange Owl

---

SECOND GIRL FROM END IN FRONT ROW: Dearie, I wisht I had a college education like you.

THE ONE NEXT TO HER: I don’t see why. It don’t do me any good in the chorus.

SECOND G. F. E. I. F. R.: It don’t? Why you get \$25 a week more because you can drink so naturally in the second act and you dance so naughty, too.

— Black and Blue Jay

## CALL 'HAMP 96

### FOR

## TAXI SERVICE

**Remember:**

**We carry your athletic teams.**

*“Nuffsed”*

## City Taxicab Service

Draper Hotel Building  
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*Little words of wisdom  
Make a student wiser;  
Take a tip from Squibbie—  
Know each advertiser!*

#### DIRECTORY OF LEADING FIRMS

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Official Photographer

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avoid the Christmas rush.

STUDIO:  
STATE AND CENTRAL STREETS  
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Telephone 1735

OUR MOTTO: Courtesy and prompt attention to our patrons

EVE: I need a new dress, my dear.

ADAM: Wait until autumn; clothing will drop  
then.

— Medley

PROF.: Can anyone mention a case of great  
friendship made famous through literature?

STEWED: Mutt and Jeff.

— Bison

SERGEANT (to colored sentry): If anything moves,  
you shoot.

SENTRY: Yas, suh; an' if anything shoots, ah  
moves!

— C. C. N. Y. Mercury

ABE: How did you get dat broken arm?

SOL: Pecked up.

ABE: Vat's dat?

SOL: I vos pecked up from under an automobile.

— Rice Owl

MRS. FOND MOTHER: Only to think, John, in five  
years baby'll be going to school, and in twenty  
he'll be graduated. Isn't it frightful how old we're  
getting?

— Mugwump

# Winchester

*Sporting Goods*

*Athletic Goods*



*Hardware*



*The Mutual  
Plumbing and Heating Co.  
Amherst*

TOR: Do you see that woman over there? She has more men crazy about her than any other woman in Austin.

RO: Are you sure? She is a very common-place looking —

TOR: Oh, she is the matron at the insane asylum.  
— *Texas Ranger*

## CRUELTY

HIS WIFE: Would you have married if you had it to do over again.

HIM: Yes, I would have married long before —

HIS WIFE: How sweet of you.

HIM: I met you.

— *Pitt Panther*

## FAMOUS BOOKS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

(*American, Chinese and Russian Authors.*)

“Successful Marriage,” by Lotta Love.

“How to Make a Fat Woman Thin,” by Runner Ragged.

“Loves Labor Lost,” by Mister Chances.

“The Nubian Princess,” by Shesa Mulatto.

“A Man’s Revenge,” by E. Nauder Nekk.

“Tom Catt’s Revenge,” by Claude Back.

“Rooster’s Mistake,” by Layda Negg.

“Now or Never,” by I. Will Crie.

— *Green Gander*

## IN ANY NEW YORK APARTMENT HOUSE

The cosy little parlor was pitch black and the odor of smoking cigarette butts clung to the room. Two hours ago Wamping Winsome Winnie had turned out the gas. A silence ensued, broken only by the clock on the mantel striking the hour. It was a dull, hollow sound which echoed through the silence of the room as a phantom spirit flitting about on the limbs of trees. A milk wagon rattled on the pavement outside. Silence followed — and then from the corner of the room in which the divan had been placed came several faint noises.

“Smack-k-k—smack—ummmmmm gurgle-gulp ummmmmm-smack-smack—” then a soft sigh as of deep satisfaction. At last — the radiator had begun to boil.

— *Wasp*

SHE: My name is May I Kisu. What is yours?

HE: Al Wright.

— *Orange Owl*

Everything to write with,  
to write upon, to figure  
upon, and draw upon.



A. J. HASTINGS

NEWSDEALER  
and STATIONER



"Dear Clara", wrote the young man, "Pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forgot whether you said yes, or no."

"Dear Will," she replied, "So glad to hear from you. I knew I said yes to some one last night but I had forgotten just who it was."

—Mugwump

A young married man of a nearby town, whose family was recently enlarged by twins, rushed into the telegraph office to break the glad news to his parents. In his haste to get the joyful tidings on the wire, he wrote, "Twins today. More tomorrow."

—Mugwump

#### ECONOMICS

Two very pretty co-eds met on the street and kissed each other, with two young men watching the ceremony.

FIRST: That's another of those unfair conditions."

SECOND: What's that?

FIRST (*pointing to scene*): Women doing men's work.

—Orange Owl

## Paper City Engraving Company



*Engravers of*  
**THE AGGIE SQUIB**



**Holyoke - Massachusetts**  
**Radcliffe Building**



## The College Studio

*Photographs that Show Your  
Character*

Large Groups and Class Work

241 Main Street  
Northampton



"Janet wore a beautiful evening gown at her coming-out party."

"That's good. She didn't have much to come out of, anyway."

—Black and Blue Jay

#### COLLEGIANS

A cagey hat  
A woolly vest  
Some badges strung  
Across the chest  
Some baggy pants  
And socks of tan  
Are what comprise  
A college man.

A powdered face  
Two well used lips  
A pair of knickers  
Bulging hips  
Some wild bobbed hair  
Without much curl  
And there you have  
The college girl.

—Mugwump



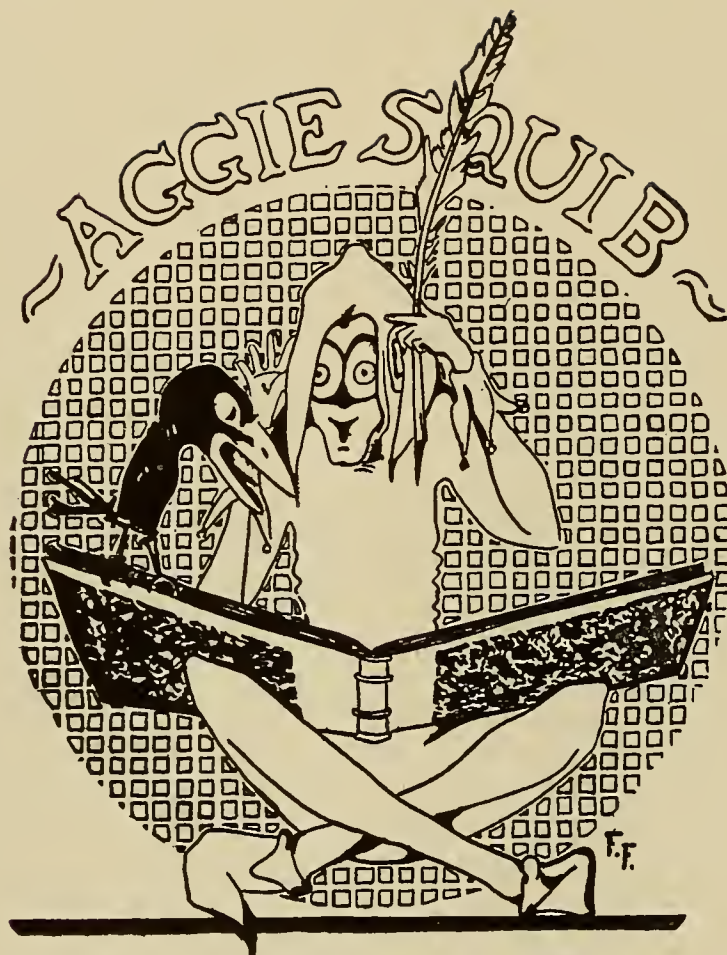
TO SQUIBBY



## Foreword

Out of the desert there gallops the Sheik, where the ship on the tide is a-rocking;  
The Captain, a rascal immoral and bold, is swearing in language that's shocking;  
The Lady steps out of her perfumed bath, and reveals—well, at least one white shoulder;  
And the brave Mounted Cop of the Northwest Police, he grows with each minute much bolder;  
And here is a siren with ebony hair, and a gown that is slinky and tight;  
And,—dozens of things like that. So come on, kid, let's go to the movies tonight!

The girl from the country, in gingham and curls, will fall for the city man's line;  
And six custard pies and a ramshackle Ford will supply us a comedy fine;  
An airplane will rescue from bandits a girl, while the parson benign ties the knot;  
He and She all alone on an island of palms, with wild beasts, and a sun fiercely hot;  
With Virtue victorious and Vice on the run, we know all the endings are right;  
What's the picture, say you? I don't know. We'll find out when we go to the movies tonight!



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The Aggie Squib is published six times during the college year, by the students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College in the months of November, December, February, March, May and June. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; all literary communications and drawings to the Managing Editor. Subscribers who do not receive copies will confer a favor by reporting the same to the Circulation Manager. Subscription price \$1.50; single copies 25 cents. Entered at the Amherst Post-office as second class matter.

### SUBSCRIBERS

Any changes of address of subscribers should be reported to the Circulation Manager. Those not receiving copies are requested to notify him at once so that proper delivery can be made.

S

**S**HE: Do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?

SINGING TEACHER: Might come in handy in case of fire.

S

**K**ID SISTER (to big brother home from Aggie): You send the SQUIB to me — I won't show it to Pa.



# THE SQUIB

“**M**OTHER, dear, I must mail these letters.”  
“I should say not. It’s raining pitch-forks;  
it’s not fit for a dog to be out. Here, let your father  
mail them for you.”

S

**S**UGGESTION FOR A SONG: Although the dye in  
his socks is fast, the feet in the socks are slow.

S

**S**HE: Help! I’m slipping!  
**H**E (*coming up from behind*): ‘S’ all right, little  
girl. I don’t mind having women fall for me!

S

**T**HE SINGER (*torturously attempting “Manda-  
lay”*): — plucky lot she cared for idols when  
I kissed her where she stood!

VOICE FROM THE GALLERY: Hey there, nix on the  
sole kisses!

S

## TABLOID MOVIE REVIEW

1. Adam and Eva: a fashion show; one girl; cos-  
tumes a la season.
2. The Covered Wagon: a moving melodrama.
3. Rain: the whimsical story of a cat and a dog,  
who blew in traditionally, in several stormy scenes.
4. Six Studies in Search of a Student: a study in  
realism. Special performances every Sunday even-  
ing.

S

“**I** WANT a pair of shoes for this little girl,” said  
the mother.

“Yes, ma’am,” said the shoe clerk; “French kid?”

“Well, I guess not,” was the irate answer. “She’s  
my own child, born right here in Grand Rapids.”

S

## THE SHORTEST CONVERSATION

“**P**LEASE?”  
“No.”

“Why?”

“Because.”



## ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

(*We know it is*)

**D**ID you ever have a date  
With your Edith or your Kate,  
Or others that you know,  
To see a movie show?

We know you did!  
And did you have to wait  
Because your girl was late  
Till your feet were getting numb  
And you thought she’d never come?

We know you did!  
Did she give a baby stare  
And say she’d washed her hair,  
And then did she confess  
That she had to mend her dress?

We know she did!  
And did you pace the floor  
Till she walked in at the door  
Because you thought you would  
Finally, make out pretty good?

We know you did!

S

**S**UCCESS in love depends on remembering what  
to forget.

# THE SQUIB

JUST A COMPOSITION BY JOHNNY: "My pants fell down. It was a windy day and they weren't fastened very well to the line."

S

THIS is where that joke YOU should have contributed would have been printed.

S

"I'M not taking any chances. I must know in advance. No, you can't make me waste my evening before I know what I'm getting into — I've tried that before. The last ten weeks that I've been they've been rotten, absolutely rotten. No, it isn't the money — it's the doggone nonsense of the whole affair. What do I care about that darn sheik stuff? — No, I don't —, well, I've outgrown that long ago. Absolutely wasted time —"

*(Intermission of five minutes)*

"Well, I s'pose we might as well go."

S

HE: Just one more like the last one, dear.

SHE: We haven't time. You must leave in half an hour.

S

HE had proposed —  
She accepted —

"I always knew you were a man after my own heart, dear," she said.

S

HAM ACTOR (*with feeling*): Will you miss me?

VOICE FROM BACK OF THE HALL: Gimme a gun and I'll try not to.

S

LAST night I went to the movies —  
Yea —

I went to get some inspiration for the SQUIB — you know — the college funny paper —

Yea —

The SQUIB — inspiration for the humorous paper — inspiration — that's it — inspiration. Why, of course, that's the reason I went — none other —

Yea —

The Aggie — you know. No, no girl — just looking for inspiration — twenty-two cents' worth. Of course you know how I came out — yes, that old gag about the door — but I mean inspiration — that's what I was looking for. Just as I said — of course —. No need to tell you — result — you know that. If you don't you ought to.

CHAWLIE!



"NO, Bessie never dressed the way you do, to catch a husband."

"Maybe not, but look what she got."

S

THE only way to secure friends is to be one.

S

"WHAT'S good for chapped lips?"  
"Keep away from the chaps."

S

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you. Kick — and you sleep alone.

S

HE was married, old — thirty-eight, father of three.

She was young, vivacious, beautiful beyond all description — and only sixteen — innocent, the innocence of ignorance.

Terror was in her eyes — those large, soulful, dark-brown eyes — long lashes.

He glared at her. He raised the cup to his lips — swallowed the sparkling red contents in one gulp.

She trembled —

The wine made him dizzy. He moved towards her.

Oh, horrors — what was she to do — to do —

"What shall I do!" she screamed —

"We can't stand that —. Bring on that other woman."

It was the director speaking.



---

# THE SQUIB

---



## *Editorials*

**M**OVIES. Gosh, how we love them! And how they have changed in the last ten years or so! Do you remember the thrillers, — those hair-raising horrors which invariably, just when the lovely heroine had opened a trap door and fallen into a den exclusively populated by large hungry lions, or stepped blithely into a room where lurked the dastardly villian hissing, “Aha, my proud beauty, at last I have you in my power ——” flashed on the screen those tantalizing words, “Continued next week”? Or the cowboy fillums where they dashed for hours and hours across miles and miles of shadeless prairie, and saved the handsome hero from being hung to a large, efficient-looking oaktree? Happy days! At present, we have with us the Heart Throbs, all gingham and giggles and a dear old gray-haired mother. Or the Perfume Pictures, full of marcells, and evening gowns, and wicked willianesses smoking cigarettes, and purple passion in general. Or pictures busily picturing the throbbing, or is it teeming? — life of the great open spaces, where Men are Men, and Women are Too Gosh-darned Pure for Words. Our own favorite movie actor is the Aesop Fables cat, that lovely beast with the shimmy smile, but they have all kinds for all sorts of tastes, thus going Mr. Heinz and his mere fifty-seven varieties at least 1000 better. Long live the movies, where love, hate, horror, and happiness are ground out in the dark on a wrinkled screen to the tune of a battered piano!

S

**W**E hurry through a late supper, dash upstairs for a clean shirt, hunt frantically for that elusive collar button, hastily adjust a Christmas tie, scramble down stairs again, snatch hat and coat, slam the front door and just manage to pull up to the white post as the car jerks to a stop. We heave a sigh of security as we settle back in our seat, and wait to be carried (on the installment plan) to our destination. After carefully alighting from the car, we manage to successfully dodge several automobiles, and finally heave another sigh as we slide into the long line behind a more than “fat and forty” lady and in front of a “barely” sixteen youth. We notice tonight’s big feature, “Father’s Nose”, flashing from the lighted sign, and the girl inside the ticket cage contentedly chewing her gum as she doles out tickets with clock-like regularity. After purchasing ours, we move along the carpeted hall past the long row of mirrors, glancing timidly now and then to see if our Christmas tie is in its proper place. Faint strains of an overture remind us that we are late. Quickening our steps we pass through the door and find ourselves in the dark; a light flashes in our face; a low voice says “follow me”. With one eye on the figure in front of us and one on the screen, we follow. After another word from the gentle voice, several people rise. After treading on several “pet” corns and stumbling over umbrellas we cannot help letting just one more sigh escape, as we settle into our seat and prepare to enjoy an evening at the MOVIES.



# THE SQUIB

## I WANT TO KNOW

1. HOW movie heroines sleep in chiffon and lace nighties, and wake up in the morning without one ruffle being ruffled?
2. Why a mustache is the villain's badge?
3. What keeps up these backless, frontless, and strapless evening gowns? And why?
4. Why all movie mothers are aged and white-haired?
5. Who designs May Murray's costumes, and why the cloth always gives out before her clothes are made?
6. Do they dry-clean the bathing girls' bathing suits?
7. How thickly padded is the cell of the man who writes the "art titles"?

S

## A VARIATION

**T**WINKLE, little movie star,  
I know exactly what you are!  
I have seen the ads you signed  
Saying that you hoped we'd find  
Things as good for us as you:  
So I know your curls are due  
To Color-it and Ink Shampoo.  
Your complexion is synthetic too,  
Your cheeks with Roug-em brightly glow,  
Your brows are arched with Pencil-o;  
Some-Kiss Perfume and Lake's Cold Cream  
Give you the face "of which men dream"  
(The ads say so!). But listen, gosh!  
What *do* you look like when you wash?

S

## RHAPSODY IN D —

**O**H, that face! At night I look at it often, even more often than during the day. That face; and those little hands that seem to hold my fate,—those little hands that mean everything to me! How often have I looked hopefully, tensely, fearfully, expectantly into that face, and been raised to the heaven of happiness or dashed to the depths of hell by a single movement of one hand. How can I say what I think of that familiar, yet ever-changing face? At night I think of it, and the first thing in the morning I turn on my pillow and look at it with an agony of expectation. No, I cannot say what I think, for it is usually something like this: "—— all alarm clocks, and —— this one. If it's seven-thirty yet, I'm a ——"

Well, maybe I am. Oh, that clock face!



**C**OP: What yer got? A tumor?  
**S**OUSE: Naw, it's a can, sir.

S

**H**AM: Don't you think, after all, in any schools the Deans are its best supporters?

**A**ND: Well, at any rate, they're the best suspenders.

S

**F**AIR THING: Two hairnets, please.

**C**LERK: What strength?

**F**AIR THING: Two dances and a car ride.

S

**F**ROSH: Are you a mind-reader?

**S**OPH: Yes.

**F**ROSH: Can you read my mind?

**S**OPH: Yes.

**F**ROSH: Well, why don't you go there?

S

**S**TUDE: Last night I dreamed I was in heaven.

**R**OOMMATE: Did you see me there?

**S**TUDE: Yes, that is how I knew I was dreaming.

S

**J**IM: Let's have a college ice.

**J**AM: I haven't any money.

**J**IM: I'm not hungry either.



# THE SQUIB

THE party was getting good.

The man with the whimsical eyebrow was giving his celebrated imitation of Jesse James about to rob a train, “—— not robbing it, ladies and gentlemen, but about to rob it. Notice this carefully, about to rob it.”

The host was shaking something in a silver shaker. It might have been fruit lemonade. But probably it wasn't. He called to the youth who was teaching the piano to sing for its supper.

“Hey, Sam, come here and pour these drinks. Here's the glasses.”

“Drinks? Pour 'em? Sure, just how do you want them poured?”

“Whaddye mean, how? There's not more than one way.”

“Yes, two. Down or out!”

S

EXIT

*A Play in Two Acts and Two Actions*

ACT I. Love.

“Darling, if I got old and homely and wrinkled and fat, would you love me still?”

ACT II. Leaving.

I don't know. I never heard you that way!”

Bang!

S

LAST NIGHT



I love her on the back porch.

DO YOUR STUFF

*(Apologies to "Puppet")*

SEEN: any two nights a week.

TIME: not much.

CHARACTERS: any two, m. and f.

IT'S getting pretty late.

Yes, I can see the chapel clock from here.

We'll have to be going in about five minutes.

Sure, we can make it in ten minutes easy.

Yes,— it's pretty cold out tonight, isn't it?

Think so? I hadn't noticed it.

We only have a few minutes more.

'S'all right, I'm watching the clock.

Isn't the moon wonderful? You know, it's funny the way the moon makes you feel —

Yeh, isn't it?

The back of this bench is awfully hard.

Let's try that other bench over there.

They always leave the lights on at the door when we come in ——

Zatso?

Yes. Then there's usually a lot of people around too. Don't you hate saying good-night in a crowd?

No, I don't mind it at all.

You're so nice and tall,— my head just comes to your shoulder when we sit like this.

Yes, I'm pretty tall.

Yes. Yes,— yes, say, it's awfully cold here, and the bench back is awfully hard, and there's only a second more before we have to go ——

Well, I guess you're right. Yeh, the clock says ——

Oh hell, let's go home.

Another night wasted!

---

# THE SQUIB

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## THE WICKEDEST WOMAN

Produced by HERMAN J. BLUMENFISH

Directed by H. JOHAN BLUMENFISH

Story by LOTTA BUNK

Sub-titles by AGGIE POND

An H. J. BLUMENFISH Production

Adapted by H. BLUMENFISH

Photographed by TURNER CRANK

PASSED UP BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW

*ART title:* The buildings of New York, like the wicked glittering tenacles of an implacable octopus, hold in thrall the soul of many a woman to whom Love seems but a lovely dream of her golden youth. Fade in on view of Fifth Avenue at five o'clock on a busy day. Slowly dissolve into long shot of

LILITH DE VERE — (the wickedest woman) — NITRO GLYCERINE. She is smoking a cigarette and is clothed in a tea gown of two leopard skins and twenty-nine strings of beads. Fade out slowly.

*Spoken title.* "That night in the gilded restaurant, Lilith was a gay reveller in the merry party of Pierpont de Morganbilt.

SCENE 1. Spot of gilded restaurant, showing orchestra, ten inches of dancing floor, and ten square miles of bare backs. A chorus enters and Lilith shimmies enthusiastically.

2. At a nearby table sits a man, young, handsome, alone. He watches Lilith, then beckons to a waiter.

*Spoken title.* "I am a man of few words. Money will be yours if you tell me her name."

3. Close up of man registering determination.

4. Close up of Lilith's shoulder.

5. Further determination.

6. Waiter approaches Lilith and serves her an éclair. He whispers in her ear, and nonchalantly she crushes the éclair and extracts a message.

*Title.* "Your fatal beauty has won my heart. I must see you alone. Clarence Carter."

7. Close up of a subtle smile wreathing Lilith's lips. Fade to

8. Long shot of Lilith writing on a cigarette, which she places between her lips, and rises to dance. As she passes his table she lets it fall from her lips.

*Title:* "As the hours waned, the revelry waxed apace."

9. Iris in on revelry waxing apace, indicated by gentleman catching a goldfish in the central fountain. Cut to

10. Long shot of Lilith leaving with Clarence. She smiles enigmatically as he calls a taxi.

*Spoken title:* "I did not know they made women like you!"

11. Fade out on disappearing taxi, and into view to taxi stopping at an apartment house. Lilith and Clarence enter together.

*Title:* "Six hours later he felt the hot tide of passion coursing in his veins, and yet —"

12. Iris in to apartment. Lilith is seen clad in her leopard skins lying on a black velvet cushion. Clarence is bending over her, passionately biting her collar bone.

*Spoken title:* "Stop, you must not do this. It is wrong."

13. Long shot of Lilith standing with arms outflung against a black velvet curtain. Clarence holds out his own arms to her in an imploring gesture.

*Spoken title:* "No, no, it can never be. I am not what you think. Come, I will show you my secret."

15. Lilith opens a door. Clarence gazes into a tiny white room where seventeen babies lie asleep.

16-21. Assorted shots of assorted infants.

22. Lilith beds over crib devotedly, and straightens to meet Clarence's adoring eye.

*Spoken title:* "My wonderful woman! But I do not understand."

23. Close up of Lilith, eyes uplifted to Heaven.

*Spoken title:* "Always I have loved kiddies. These I have adopted. Now you know all."

24. Close up of Clarence, emoting heavily. Fade to

25. Long shot showing him sweeping Lilith in a tender but enveloping embrace.

*Spoken title:* "My Lily! My woman!"

26. Artistic slow fade out on tableau of Clarence, his back encircled by two white arms. A child is seen playing on the leopard skin.

*Art title:* "And so, thru the mazes of the city's wicked wiles, these two found each other and Happiness everlasting."

A HERMAN J. BLUMENFISH PRODUCTION

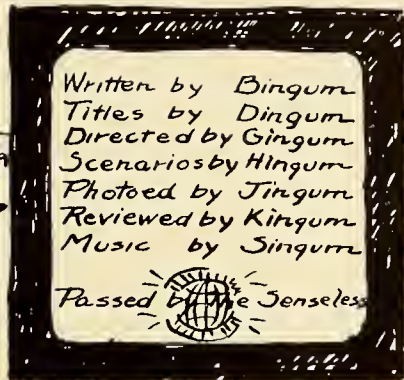
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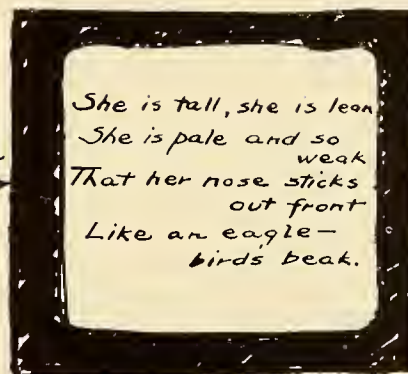
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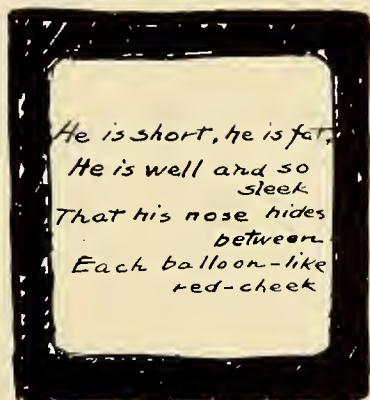
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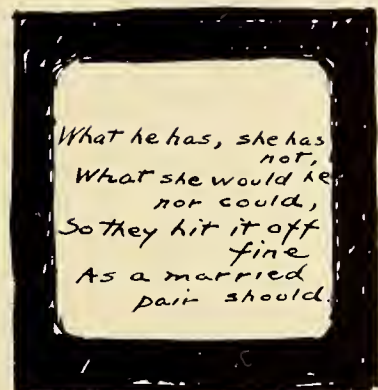
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A  
Close-  
up



An-  
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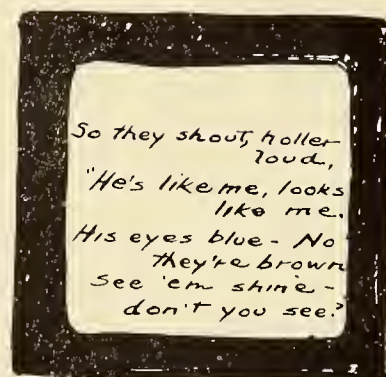
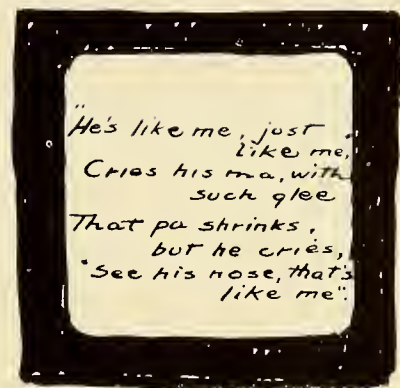
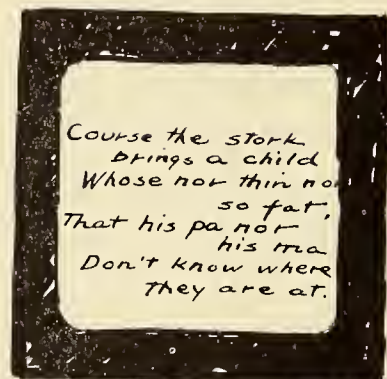


Time  
out to  
repair  
reel-

Mean-  
time  
2



Indicates approval  
of audience -





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# THE SQUIB

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## ANOTHER HYMN OF HATE

I'M tired of women.  
I can chart all their lines in advance.

There are the Primroses.  
The bashful maidens with soft voices,  
They blush when you speak to them  
And tell each other with Horror  
Of that naughty man they heard saying  
"Darn it all" on the campus the other day.  
I'd like to kiss one thoroughly some day.  
But she would probably die from the shock,  
And who wants a dead Primrose?  
Who wants one anyway?

Then there are the Athletes.  
The Husky Hefties with the Outdoor Complex.  
Also the Outdoor Complexion.  
They ride you like they ride their horses,  
And suggest little strolls up Toby and back —  
In the rain — to show what Good Guys they are!  
Have you a little Muscle in your home?  
I'll say I haven't.

And then consider the Sharks.  
The Brainy Beans with high ideas.  
And Higher Marks, the Study Hounds;  
They believe that time was made to study in —  
Likewise the Library.  
They wear large shell blinkers  
And sensible shoes  
And believe that Woman's place is with her books.  
Theirs is.

After them, the Pals.  
The professional Good Sports.  
They tell you, "None of this petting stuff for us,  
Is there?" "We're just good friends,  
Aren't we?"  
And then when you believe them, they go home and  
Ha-Ha, handing the rest of the Girls a hot line  
On how simple you are to manage,  
Falling for that old stuff.  
I prefer a dog any day!

And last of all the Teasers.  
The little things who Don't Mean Anything.  
They hand you a hot line  
And then give you the cold shoulder.  
They just can't see why men misunderstand  
Their innocent motives.  
Well, that's one way of looking at it.

I'm tired of women.  
I can chart all their lines in advance.

## SQUIB'S SPECIAL STORIES

THE famous "Two Inch Shelf" is now available  
for every student in college.

Young man! Are you reading? And what?

The distinction between a well-read man and one  
who is not well-read, is merely that the former have  
a dinner table acquaintance with modern literature.  
Therefore SQUIB takes great pleasure in presenting  
a condensed table of the modern short story.  
Twenty minutes a day will enable you to hold your  
own in any society. The types below furnish a  
basis for conversation. For the rest, it is only  
necessary to mention an author's name and smile  
knowingly, as "Ah, Blackwood!" (admiration), or  
"Ah, Lewis!" (sophisticated scorn), or Ah, the  
realists!" (amused toleration).

### I. THE RUSSIAN NOVEL.

"Little Mother," murmured Elena Ostravitch,  
arranging her scarlet samovar tightly about her  
black and greasy head, "it is snowing das vy danya."

The old woman slashed her face across with drosky.

"Stop!" cried Ivan Ivanosky, "she is my wife."

With manly vigor he threw a heavy ruble at her.  
She died, horrible, like a shattered ikon. He picked  
up a pistol and shot Elena. She died, horribly,  
smearing the floor with blood.

He went insane.

He shot himself.

### II. THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

It snowed. The snow went down John J. Jones's  
collar. It melted in little streams down his back.

Then he was home, the hot, cabbage-laden air  
stinking in his nostrils. His wife, a tired, faded  
woman of fifty, was wearily frying pork chops in an  
old blackened pan.

"I thought we'd have chops tonight," she said.  
"Chops is good in cold weather."

He agreed. "Yes, in cold weather chops is kinda  
nice."

"There ain't nothing much nicer on a cold night  
than chops, is what I always say. Don't you think  
chops is good, John?"

"Yeah, chops is good when it starts getting cold.  
Well, of course some people says not, but what I  
always says is, you can't beat chops on a cold night."

They had chops for dinner.

### III. THE PREHISTORIC NOVEL.

The man.

The big club.

The woman.

The club and the woman.

The happy home.

### IV. THE FIRST NOVEL.

An amoeba.

Two Amoebas.



# THE SQUIB

**PROUD DAD** (*visiting College Campus*): Well, my lad, I guess you know my son, don't you?

**INNOCENT YOUNG FROSH**: Oh, yes; we sleep in the same class.

S

**"HAVE** you heard the joke about the tree?"  
"No."

"Oh, it's too shady to publish."

S

## THE SNOW KING



**A WONDERFUL** specimen of "White's" work.  
A huge polar bear in Greenland sitting on a cake of ice enjoying a marshmallow college ice.

S

**STAMMERING LIEUT.**: Does anybody know where I put-put-put my put-put-puttees?

**CAPTAIN** (*in next room*): Ah! They've got that Ford to working at last!

S

**"THE** woman always pays." If one could only convince women of this around dinner time, it would be a great help.

S

**THE ONE**: I wanted to tell you while it was fresh in my mind —

**THE OTHER**: Stop! I never listen to those horrid jokes!

## THREE WILD FLOWERS WE HAVE KNOWN

(*Observed and Collected on the M. A. C. Campus, 1923*)

**1. FRINGED GENTIAN.** *Gentiana Whiskeroides.*  
*Habitat*: early classes, Assemblies, etc.  
*Soil*: very slight. *Texture*: rough.

*Remarks*: the genus Senior often shows the fringed lip so characteristic of the family. Very sensitive to razors, in fact, the fringe often disappears entirely in contact with one.

**2. WILD ASTER.** *Aster Sheikiana.*

*Habitat*: dances, street-cars, and dark places generally.

*Soil*: a hydrophyte, flourishing in liquid.

*Remarks*: last syllable of the common name may be omitted. Specimens may be easily secured and kept indefinitely in alcohol.

**3. THE SOME-DO.** *Osculatoria nox.*

*Habitat*: dark and unfrequented places.

*Habit of growth*: clinging. *Soil*: almost any kind of dirt.

*Remarks*: as a genus noted for its persistence. No cutting kills it off, no frost withers it. Presses well.

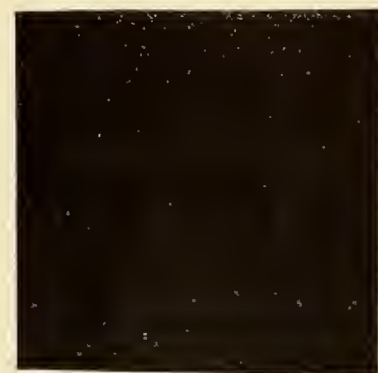
S

**CO-ED**: Why don't you call Bill at the frat?

**SECOND DITTO**: Yeah! Can't you just hear them yell, "Hey, Bill, there's a skirt on the line for you!"?

S

## A SHADY PICTURE



**A**N exceptionally fine view of two negroes shoveling coal in a dark cellar at night.

# THE SQUIB

## ANOTHER OF A. SAPP'S FABLES

### I. THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

The Hare and the Tortoise were to run their race. The betting was heavy, but the odds were great against the Hare, for the townspeople had all read their story books and knew what was going to happen. So the day before the race the Hare bet all his money on himself. And won the race. He had read the books too and fooled them all by not going to sleep as they scheduled him to do.

*Moral* He laughs best who laughs last.

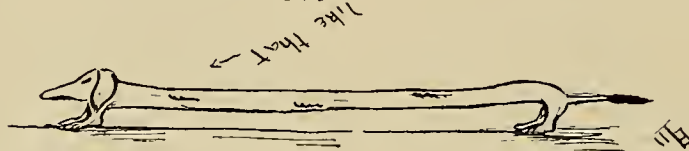
S

“WHAT’S a sausage?”  
“Dunno.”  
“It’s a ground hog.”

Once there was  
A playful pup  
a happy pup —  
and fat:

A ten ton truck ran over him  
And now he looks

S



S

“DARLING, will you  
marry me?”  
“Have you seen mother?”  
“Yes, but I still love you.”

“SHE must have a sheep skin.”  
“Why?”  
“You called her your little lamb.”

S

“I CALL my dog ‘Sandwich’.”  
“Why? Because he is a hot dog?”  
“No, because he’s half bred.”

S

S

ALARMED VOICE FROM THE INTERIOR: Hey  
you, keep out! I’m taking a bath —

THE WELL-BOILED EGG: Zhatso, mishter? Where  
to?

S

## A STATELY STATEMENT

THERE once was a young man from Ga.,  
Who became a notorious fa.  
When captured, he said,  
“In the chase I have led,  
I hope at least I’ve never ba.”

S

## AN IDLE IDYLL

CHAPTER I. A bench. A book. A shady  
nook.

CHAPTER II. A student too. An exam soon due.

CHAPTER III. One sleepy look. Discarded book.

CHAPTER IV. Much sleep. A snore. Then sev-  
eral more.

’S’all!

FIRST BOTANY STUDE: Butter-and-Eggs was in-  
troduced from Europe.

SECOND: They must have introduced hens from  
Europe, then.

FIRST: Sure, and cows, too.



# THE SQUIB

**I** MET our old friend, Doc Ebonyhead, again yesterday. Doc is getting pretty old now and will soon be leaving us. I asked Doc how he felt and to my surprise he felt great and felt as though he was getting young again. Monkey glands didn't do it, either, so I was rather anxious to find out what was the cause of his feeling young. I inquired and he told me, since I was once an inhabitant of Amherst.

"Well, you see," said Doc, "I was sick last week and so I called in the parson and told him I didn't know whether to go to Heaven or Hades."

The parson gave him a two-way ticket to Heaven and told him to go up and see if he liked it. So Doc took the first elevator up and he met St. Peter at the gate.

"Can I enter Heaven?" he asked Peter.

"Where do you come from?" St. Peter demanded.

"I come from Amherst," he replied.

"No; I can't let you in here," said St. Peter.

So Doc took the elevator back to earth and told the parson his story. The parson gave him a two-way ticket to Hades. Doc took the boat to Hades and met Old Nick at the door.

"Can I enter Hades?"

"Where do you come from?" demanded Old Nick.

"Amherst," was Doc's reply.

"Sorry, I can't let you in," said Nick hastily.

"Ye Gods!" thought Doc, "have I got to return to Amherst?"

S

**SONG FOR AN ORPHAN ASYLUM:** "The trustees gave a derrick; told us 'Bring the children up'."

S

## DOTTY DIALOGUES

**THE ONE:** Did you give Helen my love when you saw her last night?

**AND THE OTHER:** Yes, and she told me to tell you she returned it.

**ONE AGAIN:** Ain't that like a woman. But it's the first time one ever gave me back anything.

**THE OTHER:** Say, didn't you ever kiss the woman?

S

"**WATCHA** doin'?"  
Hardwarely speakin', I'm ——"  
"Well ——?"  
"Hookin' tacks."

**E**XPERIENCE is a dead loss if you cannot sell it for more than it costs.

S

## AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

**T**HE lights were out. They were drawn up close to the fireplace, comfortably seated in a divan. Her head rested lightly on his shoulder; their silence seemed to bespeak perfect harmony. The fire danced and flittered, taking on different forms. It was the time for reflections. Finally the silence was broken by a feminine voice: "Dear, it seems like old times; the fire brings back the same old meaning." It was mother and father recalling their courting days.

In another room the lights were out. They were drawn up close to each other, the fireplace was absent. They were petting. A similar silence bespoke their harmony. Finally the stillness was disturbed by a feminine voice: "Dear, how dull it must have been when our parents were young and a fire had to be kept in the fireplace to keep the room warm." It was daughter and her beau in modern times.

S

**FIRST COLLAR:** And what are you so cleaned up for?

**SECOND COLLAR:** Necking tonight.

S

"**WHERE** are our seats?"  
"Go to H."  
"Sir!"

S



A "CLOSE-UP"

---

# THE SQUIB

---

“**T**HAT fellow is showing up well for his first night in the game.”

“Huh, I’ve seen some girls who have shown up well the first night on the stage.”

S

“**T**HAT girl has a problematical personality.”  
“Um, she is a figurative girl.”

S

**M**OST of the trouble in this world is produced by those who don’t produce anything else.

S

## DISCOMFORTS OF THE MOVIES

**T**HE nearby woman who reads all of the printed matter to her companion.

The sob-stuff so much engaged in by some.

The uncalled-for break in the film just at an intimate scene between the hero and heroine.

Envy of the hero in some of his privileges with the heroine.

Sudden change of scene when the maiden prepares for the bath.

Unexpected turning on of the lights at the end of the picture when engaged in a petting party.

S

**I**N view of what the girls wear today we would suggest that the term petticoat be declared obsolete and petting-coat be substituted.

S

“**W**HENEVER I look at that girl I think of a hymn.”

“Which one?”

“‘How Firm a Foundation’.”

S

**S**TUDE: Will you go to the cross-walk with me?  
CO-ED: I might go a little farther with you.

S

**P**ROF: Wild silk is made by wild worms that live on oak leaves.

STUDE: What made the worms wild?

DITTO: Because they saw the oaks leave.

*(Editor’s Note: The following history was submitted with illustrations for each verse. Owing to the lack of space we are unable to furnish them for you. However, if you have a vivid imagination — an attribute all Squib readers must have — you will receive full benefit from the following.)*

## A MOST UN-NATURAL HISTORY

*(Separated into syllables for good little farmers and farmerettes)*

1. Here we have a Cam-u-el,  
A very thirst-y beast;  
He goes a week with-out a drink  
Then drinks a tub at least.

2. This spotty thing is a Gir-affe,  
Con-struct-ed on a slant:  
At neck-ing parties there is not  
A thing to do it can’t.

3. An Ele-phant this is, my dears,  
It has a trunk (which is its nose),  
This nose is wrig-gley, dears, and looks  
Ex-act-ly like a piece of hose.

4. Be kind-ly to the Horse, because  
In college, like as not,  
He will re-mem-ber what you did,  
And take you for a trot.

5. The Boa Con-strict-or, you see,  
Had big ideas in his youth;  
He crushes most pro-mis-cuous-ly,  
I’d hate to meet him, that’s the truth!

6. The Tiger is a striped cat,  
Whom you need never mind —  
He is not dan-ger-ous to you  
Unless,— the tiger’s blind!

7. The Tim-id Mouse is sel-dom seen,  
But when he is, oh boy!  
You’ll hear a shriek and see, I’m sure,  
A sight you will enjoy.

8. The Dachshund is a flat-tened form  
Of dog: now get him right,—  
He is a can-ine, tho he looks  
More like a yard of pipe.

S

“**T**HAT girl must have a fine supply of stories.”  
“Does she go with a sailor?”  
“No, a traveling salesman.”



# THE SQUIB

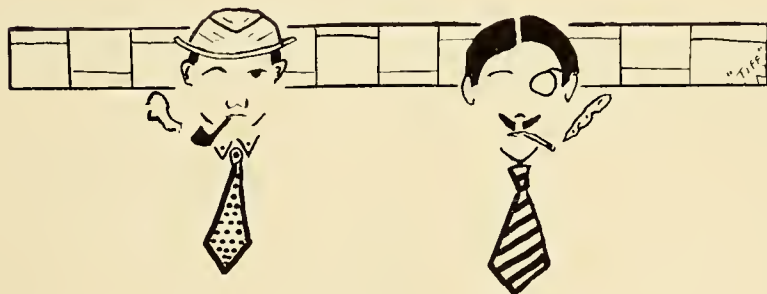
TO THE WRITER OF "THE CO-ED'S CREDO"

HE believes that:—

1. The campus was made for men. "—powdering her nose on the steps — idiots —"
2. Feet are important. "— what if she is dumb; she can dance —"
3. Sunday nights are made for hard study. " ? ? ? ? ?"
4. Girls always compare notes. "— oh, she'll tell Peg, all right —"
5. The girls in the Abbey spend their time waiting for phone calls.
6. Socks were made to show. "— Shall I wear red or green?"
7. Every time a girl says, "I always go out every night during the vacation", that she does.
8. Strolls are more important than Studies.
9. When he is told, "I never knew a man like you before,—" he ought to believe all of it.
10. The best place to wait for the next class is
  - a. Stockbridge steps.
  - b. Clark Hall steps.
  - c. French Hall steps.
  - d. Wilder Hall steps.
  - e. Any other place where he can block the way.

S

DE-PARTED



"SAY, where in the devil is my comb?"

"Dunno, you must have parted with it this morning."

S

PERHAPS "The female of the species is more deadly than the male," but we rather imagine that in a tight place the men can hold their own.

S

"MY girl believes in support."

"Why so?"

"She gave me a pair of garters for Christmas."



"WHAT do you expect to rate when you leave college?"

"Well, I hope to spit."

S

"HAS George a brilliant line?"

"I'd say it was more like brilliant wine."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he got all lit upon it."

S

"I LIKE this fortnight coffee."

"Why the name, Alphonso, why the name?"

"It's so weak."

S

"HOW did you happen to get thrown out of the dance last night?"

"Well you see, it was like this. They told me to get in the receiving line, and then they got mad about midnight when I said I hadn't received a darn thing all evening."

S

SHE (*just introduced*): Somehow you seem familiar.

HE: Good Heavens! I haven't started yet.

S

THE best we've heard yet was the one our kid sister got off at Christmas, when she said, "May I look at your 'Squab'?" How's that for a knock at poor SQUIBBY?

# THE SQUIB



FIRST GIRL: Can't you drive that car yet? Why Jack has been giving you lessons for at least a month.

SECOND GIRL: Yes, I know. But he hasn't proposed yet.

*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

S

MISS (*in swimming class*): I'd like to ask you something about my swimming suit.

INSTRUCTOR: Well, get it off your chest.

MISS: Sir! ! ! !"

*— Showme*

S

OTTO: Gee, I made a bad break at dinner last night!

DITTO: Don't tell us the one about the cracked plate!

OTTO: No! Mother asked me if I wouldn't have some more corn. I said, "Sure!" and — passed my glass.

*— Black and Blue Jay*

S

JAK NEK (*at Missouri*): Waiter, hic-bring m' shome prunes.

WAITER: Stewed, sir?

JAK NEK: Thash none of your business.

*— Oklahoma Whirlwind*

S

DILAPIDATED DODGEWORK: Pardon me, sir, but have you seen a policeman around here?

POLITE PEDESTRIAN: No, I am sorry.

D. D.: Thank you. Now will you kindly hand over your watch and purse?

*— Bison*

S

ZOOLOGY PROF.: Where can the missing link be found?

STUDENT (*waking up*): Have you looked under the dresser, sir?

*— Medley*

## HER FLOP

A lass came tripping down the street,

She looked, I'll say, oh, very neat,

But evidently not discreet;

The street was steep, her pace too fleet;

She tripped, I say — Oh, what a treat!

*— Yellow Jacket*

S

LADY: How much will I have to pay for a pair of silk hose?

CLERK: About two dollars.

LADY: They come rather high, don't they?

CLERK: Yes, but remember, you are a rather tall lady.

*— Medley*

S

"Don't be bashful, dear. Go up to the window and tell the man what we want."

"Er-uh-marriage license for two, please."

*— Harvard Lampoon*

S

I was holding her.

She was holding me.

And her pa came in

And didn't say a word

Because he saw we were

Holding each other

In conversation.

*— Stone Mill*

S

## AND THE PROFESSORS

"Haven't seen you for a long time. Where are you living now?"

"I've got a house across the river, on the bluff, but I don't like it. It's too lonesome over there."

"Well, why not move down near the college? You'll have lots of company. All the students there live on a bluff."

*— C. C. N. Y. Mercury*



"No, Freda, a French curve is not necessarily a Parisian Beauty."

— *Rice Owl*

HE (*drunk*): You're the light of my life.

SHE: I may be the light, but I'm not the one that's lit.

— *Cracker*

#### PARLOR REPARTEE NO. 1

(*Action — brief struggle*) SHE: Oh, I think you're awful!

(*Action — very brief struggle*) HE: Awful what?

(*Action — but no struggle*) SHE: Oh, awful nice.

— *Brown Jug*

HUSBAND (*rushing into room*): Come out quick.

WIFE: What's the matter?

HUSBAND: The house is on fire and we will be burnt to death if you don't come out.

WIFE: Yes, I'll be out in a minute. I've got to tidy up the room a little, so that it will look decent when the firemen get here.

— *Oklahoma Whirlwind*

OFFICE BOY: A gentlemen was here while you were away and said he had come to beat the stuffin' out of you.

EDITOR: What did you tell him?

OFFICE BOY: I told him I was sorry, you were out.

— *Oklahoma Whirlwind*

#### THE COMING OUT PARTY

9 P.M.: "Who let you out?"

10 P.M.: "Does your mother know you're out?"

11 P.M.: "When did you get out?"

12 P.M.: "Let's go out?"

1 P.M.: "Pour it out."

2 P.M.: Passed out.

3 P.M.: Dragged out.

— *Brown Jug*

LORD WALDORF: How dost take on that well-groomed appearance? Dost pin thy faith on Stickum?

SIR THOMPSON-CHILDS: Nay, forsooth 'tis simply managed. A doughnut or two for breakfast; then the hand stroked gently through the hair!

— *Mirror*

### All Successful Men Use the Toasted Process in Their Business!

THEY CALL it Efficiency.

But it amounts to the same thing.

Because, stripped of its purely technical significance, the Toasted Process is efficiency by another name. It represents the last ounce of effort which, in all the production of men, distinguishes the isolated examples of quality. Toasting the tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES adds 45 minutes to the cost of production, but it seals in the flavor!

And we would rather save the flavor than the time.

Guaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*

CHANGE TO THE BRAND  
THAT NEVER CHANGES





## Park Square Hotel Westfield

**Solicits your patronage**

---

**Special attention given to banquets**



### HAVE YOU?

Have you ever been  
Sucked in for a date  
With a visitor  
And then you are  
Told on the  
Phone that we would  
Play bridge  
Instead of going to  
The dance,  
And then you  
Bring up visions  
Of some sad thing  
That is impossible  
But when  
You finally get there  
She turns  
Out to be the  
Prettiest and  
Loveliest  
Thing on earth.  
Have you?  
No?  
Well,  
Neither have I.

— *Yellow Jacket*

JONES: What did your sightseeing trip cost you?

SMITH: Five dollars a pint.

— *Malteaser*

---

### SMALL TOWN STUFF

A village parson's daughter eloped in her father's clothes—

And the next day the village Blatter came out with an account of the elopement, headed: "Flees in Father's Pants."

— *Parrakeet*

---

I love the taste of lip stick,

The Tea Hound said to Grace.

She blushed, then hesitated,

And passed him her vanity case.

— *Black and Blue Jay*

---

When a man gets married, his wife is judged by the girl he used to go with.

— *Malteaser*

## THE ARMCHAIR

Corner Elm and Crescent  
Streets

NORTHAMPTON

---

*"The Tea Room with an Atmosphere"*

---

The idea is to provide a place where you may meet a friend, chat, if so inclined, or rest awhile.

---

TELEPHONE 1289-M



"Do you propose to get married?"

"Well, I should say so."

"I thought so. Most men do."

— *Black and Blue Jay*

Look them over when they're Freshmen,  
Pick them out when they're Sophomores,  
Fuss with them when they're Juniors,  
And you'll have them when they're Seniors,  
says the Sage of Soho.

— *Pitt Panther*

JUDGE: What proof have you that Rastus hit you  
on the eye?

SAMBO: Yo' honor, I got it down in black and blue.

— *Molteaser*

HE: Dearest, our engagement is off. A fortune-  
teller just told me that I was to marry a blonde in a  
month.

SHE: Oh, I can be a blonde in a month!

— *Harvard Lampoon*

# AGGIE MEN

FOR

## That Sunday Night Supper

OR FOR

## A Bite in-between-times

VISIT

—THE—

## College Candy Kitchen

The Best in Lunches, Candy, Sodas, Ice Cream and  
Smokers' Supplies

## The ANDOVER PRESS

PRINTERS PUBLISHERS  
STATIONERS



SCHOOL and COLLEGE ANNUALS  
A SPECIALTY

Press Building ∴ Andover

### MARK OF RESPECT

"Here waiter. This steak is positively burned  
black."

"Yes sir. Mark of respect, sir. Our head cook  
died yesterday."

— *Yellow Jacket*

HE: Are you angry, dear?

SHE: Don't talk to me.

HE: May I kiss you?

SHE: I said I don't want any of your lip.

— *Froth*

An Englishman heard an owl for the first time.

"What was that?" he asked.

"An owl," was the reply.

"My deah fellah, I know that, but what was  
'owling?'"

— *Black and Blue Jay*

Extract from newspaper account of an accident.  
"The accident bruised her somewhat and hurt her  
otherwise."

— *Showme*

# SING LEE

## *Hand Laundry*



Our laundry is first class,  
our policy is guaranteed.  
Repairing and all kinds of  
Washing done at reasonable  
prices.



1 Main St., Amherst, Mass.  
Opp. Postoffice

Relaxation, dissipation, degradation — failure.  
Aspiration, inspiration, perspiration — success.  
— *Yellow Jacket*

STUDENT: Where's Malcolm?  
ROOMMATE: A policeman came and got him.  
STUDENT: Thasso? What was he charged with?  
ROOMMATE: Moonshine, I think.  
— *Oklahoma Whirlwind*

THE STRIPES GAVE HIM AWAY  
When the donkey saw the zebra,  
He began to switch his tail;  
“Well, I never,” was his comment,  
“There's a mule, that's been in jail.”  
— *Yellow Jacket*

HIGH: Julian is going with Ethel now.  
BROW: Why, she's not at all bad.  
HIGH: That's why I can not understand it.  
— *Rice Owl*

HE: Have you seen the latest in pajamas?  
SECOND DITTO: No. I didn't know she wore them.  
— *Stone Mill*

### AT THE ZOO

SMALL YOUNG THING: Oh what's the matter with  
that ape? The poor thing.

KEEPER: He sprained his arm.

S. Y. T.: Oh, I see; a monkey wrench.

— *Medley*

Oh, rosy was the sunshine  
When Rosie came to town,  
And rosy was the outline  
Through Rosie's shadow gown.  
— *Orange Owl*

### HE HAD BETTER LUCK THAN WE DID

“I wore my new engagement ring to the party last  
night.”

“Was it noticed much?”

“I should say so! Several of the girls recognized  
it at once.”

— *Yellow Jacket*

## *The Essex Lunch*

Open 6:00 A. M.

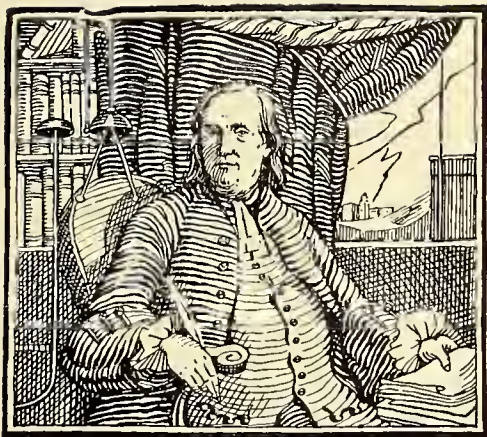
*The only up-to-date  
Restaurant in Town*

*Low Prices—High Qualities*

We believe that a large business with  
small profits yields the greatest in-  
come. Lunches put up to be taken  
out.

*Meal Tickets:*  
**\$5.50 for \$5.00 in Cash**  
(Good any time)





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
1706-1790

Printer, journalist, diplomat, inventor, statesman, philosopher, wit. One of the authors of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, author of Poor Richard's Almanack; and one of the most eminent natural philosophers of his time.

## But nobody had thought to do it

By bringing electricity down from the clouds over a kite string, it was a simple thing to prove that lightning was nothing more than a tremendous electrical flash.

For centuries before Franklin flew his kite in 1751 philosophers had been speculating about the nature of lightning. With electrified globes and charged bottles, others had evolved the theory that the puny sparks of the laboratory and the stupendous phenomenon of the heavens were related; but Franklin substituted fact for theory — by scientific experiment.



Electrical machines bearing the mark of the General Electric Company, in use throughout the world, are raising standards of living by doing the work of millions of men.

Roaring electrical discharges, man-made lightning as deadly as that from the clouds, are now produced by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. They are part of experiments which are making it possible to use the power of mountain torrents farther and farther from the great industrial centers.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

---

### FUSSER'S NUMBER

will be out in March—we hope;—we have the best of intentions. It is to be the last issue of the present board. We have tried to give you a bigger SQUIB—in fact we *have* given you a bigger magazine—whether it is better is up to you to say. We believe it has been well received.

Fussers start real business in March—hence we have chosen that time for appropriate comment on the art of fussing. Don't miss getting your copy—many valuable suggestions will be offered to those intending to enter this line of activity in the spring.



# The Aogie Squib

Mar 1924



BVD

## FUSSER'S NUMBER.



# SHE KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN SHE SEES IT

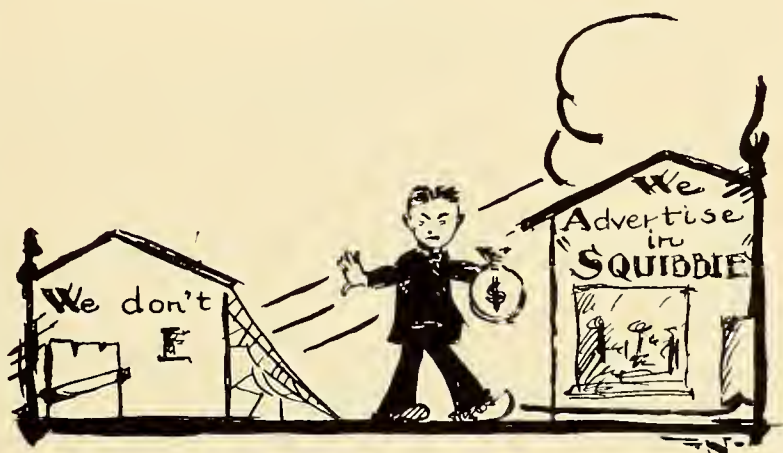


Won't you have a glass too? I know you must be as tired painting as I am posing, but this is so cool and refreshing it will help you to forget how tired, hot and thirsty you were. I always drink **MOXIE** at lunch so believe one who knows.

*This advertisement was written by A. Needham of Massachusetts Agricultural College at the request of Frank Archer of the Moxie Company, who thus affords an exceptional opportunity for the students to gain practical experience in writing advertisements for a famous product*



# Squibbie's Directory of Leading Firms



Apologies to "Chappie"

*Little words of wisdom  
Make a student wiser;  
Take a tip from Squibbie—  
Know each advertiser!*

These are the establishments who have helped to make the SQUIB possible.

	Page
Amherst Gas Co.	4
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Candy Kitchen	22
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Lucky Strike	21
Mitchell Belkin	1
Merritt Clark	5
Moxie	Inside Front Cover
Mutual Plumbing and Heating	2
Paper City Engraving Co.	24
Sing Lee	2
Thompson and Son	23

Special Re-opening and Holiday  
Trial Offer

## Mitchell Belkin

Two of our "Beautiful Adelphia Engraved Etchings" in 10x14 arona Artists folders.

Official Photographer

Smith Seniors.....1922-1923  
Index ..... 1924  
Shorthorn ..... 1923

All sittings by appointment. Make them now and avoid the Christmas rush.

STUDIO:  
STATE AND CENTRAL STREETS  
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Telephone 1735

OUR MOTTO: Courtesy and prompt attention to our patrons

### DEMANDED A TIMEPIECE

A widower getting married for the second time said to his small boy, "Son, you'll have to sleep in that other room by yourself after this."

"Naw, I don't wanna."

"You mind papa like a good boy and I'll buy you a bicycle."

"Naw don't wanna bicycle."

"Then I'll buy you a Shetland pony."

"Naw, don't wanna Shetland pony."

"Well, son I'll buy you anything you do want."

"Papa, I want a watch."

*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

### TRY THIS ON YOUR —

SCENE: A small music store. At left oblique is a counter, behind which is fluttering a youth. He is a green hand, so he wears gloves. His nervousness approaches St. Vitus's Dance as a young thing appears, carrying a violin case under her arm. With a Pebeco smile she speaks.

SHE: My bow needs rehairing.

HE: Your beau?

SHE: My bow, yes. Where can I have it done?

HE: Well, now — a friend of mine got a really natural looking wig at the G. and H. Beauty Parlor. Why not try there?

Quick! Curtain.

—Colorado Dodo

"You just can't keep a good man down," remarked the cannibal.

—*Texas Ranger*

#### THE FRUITFUL REPORT

An old Irish woman kept a small fruit stand and was displaying a few watermelons. A smart fellow took up one and observed: "These are frightfully small apples you have — we would not buy this size."

The woman coolly surveyed her inquirer from head to foot for a second or two, then in a tone of pity she exclaimed: "Bejabbers, son, ye must be a sthranger and know virry little about fruit when ye can't tell apples from gooseberries."

—*Bison*

#### OF COURSE

ABBIE: That couple seems made for each other.

SEEDY: How do you mean?

ABBIE: Lemon with fish, you know.

—*Colorado Dodo*

## SING LEE *Hand Laundry*



Our laundry is first class,  
our policy is guaranteed.  
Repairing and all kinds of  
Washing done at reasonable  
prices.



1 Main St., Amherst, Mass.  
Opp. Postoffice

# Winchester

*Sporting Goods*

*Athletic Goods*



*Hardware*



## *The Mutual Plumbing and Heating Co. Amherst*

#### HISTORICAL FACTS

It was quite a relief for Eve to change her clothes.

—*Yellow Jacket*

DOCTOR: My dear lady, you have water on the knee.

Y. L.: Oh! Doctor, will it soil my new dress?

—*Texas Ranger*

BLUE BLOOD: Why, one of my ancestors was the first man enrolled at Harvard.

NOT SO BLUE: That's nothing to boast of.

BLUE BLOOD: Well, what have any of your ancestors done?

NOT SO BLUE: My great-grandfather was the first man enrolled at Penn!

BLUE BLOOD: University of Penn.?

NOT SO BLUE: Why no, Md. State Penn., I believe.

—*Black and Blue Jay*

DAUGHTER: Mother, is kissing dangerous?

MOTHER: Yes, daughter. I got your father that way.

—*Texas Ranger*



"What makes you think shoe manufacturers will not go to heaven?"

"They sell their souls for leather."

—Voo Doo

#### JUST A CONVERSATION

I say theah, old thing, I read of a most amusing robbery in the *Times* this morning. Just a moment while I light a fag and I shall tell you about it. Now then. Some woman had a chappie up for robbing her. Had her money in one of those novel purses attached to her garter, don't you know. Claimed she had no idea the fellow was a thief. What's that? Oh, yes, I have her address.

—Black and Blue Jay

#### MAY HE R.I.P.

"Where'd you get the black eye, Mike?"

"Sure, it's in mourning for the guy that gave it to me."

—Columns

#### SMALL MATTER

SENIOR (*bidding farewell*): Professor, I am indebted to you for all I have learned.

PROF: Don't mention such a trifle, son.

—Oklohoma Whirlwind

## WHEN IN HAMP

VISIT

### "The Sweetest Shop in Town"

Home Made Candies

Home Made Ice Creams

Home Made Lunches

"The Kinds Everybody Likes"

## Beckman's

Candy Shop

Soda Shop

"Meet Your Pals Here"

## The ANDOVER PRESS

PRINTERS      PUBLISHERS  
STATIONERS



SCHOOL and COLLEGE ANNUALS  
A SPECIALTY

Press Building ... Andover

#### CLOTHES LINE, PLEASE!

Two girls were talking over the wire. Both were discussing what they would wear to a certain winter formal. In the midst of this important conversation, a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant, and scornfully asked:

"What line do you think you're on, anyway?"

"Well," said the man, "judging from what I've heard, I should say I was on the clothes line."

—Colorado Dodo

FATHER: Has that young man any go to him, Lou?

DAUGHTER: Yes, Papa, he goes at 10.30 every night that he comes to see me.

FATHER: Humph! I mean has he any spirit in him?

DAUGHTER: I don't think he has. He is strictly temperate.

FATHER: I mean has he any force, any gall?

DAUGHTER: Gee! No! He's all honey when he comes to see me.

FATHER: I guess you don't catch me, Lou.

DAUGHTER: Never mind, Pa dear, I've caught him.

—Mugwump

HE (*proposing*): And if you refuse me, sweetheart, I'll go as a missionary to Africa!

SHE: Oh fine, just think, I'll have one good deed on record when I get to heaven.

—*Yellow Jacket*

IZZY: Quick! I vant you should send down a doctor!

NURSE: All right, sir. Is it serious?

IZZY: Serious!! My boy, Ikey, just swallowed a dollar — that's how serious it is!

NURSE: Well, that won't do him any harm.

IZZY: Oi, yoi!! But it ain't drawing no interest there, is it?

—*Chaparral*

YOUNG MAN (*to court clerk*): I — ah — er — um —

CLERK (*to assistant*): Henry, bring out one of those marriage license blanks.

—*Brown Bull*

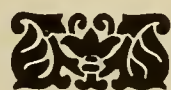
ARDENT SUITOR: Sir, I want your daughter for my wife.

IRATE FATHER: Young man, go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter.

—*Yellow Jacket*

THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN  
TO BUY YOUR

STUDY  
LAMPS



Prices range from \$2.00 and up.

Also Headquarters for  
Edison Mazda Lamps

AMHERST GAS CO.



## The College Studio

*Photographs that Show Your  
Character*

Large Groups and Class Work

241 Main Street  
Northampton



"While I was in France during the war, I once saw an artillery mule drop dead from fright, when a shell struck near him."

"The donkey certainly made an ass of himself, didn't he?"

—*Yellow Jacket*

You can never tell about women, and even if you can, you shouldn't.

—*Chaparral*

FROSH: It worries me just what I am going to have on my grave for a marker.

SOPH: Oh — just let your head stick out.

—*Belle Hop*

UNDER: I'm rather afraid of these poor working girls.

TAKER: Howzo?

UNDER: They say some of them simply love to make their own living.

—*Voo Doo*

"Hump, I'd like to see a man kiss me!"

"All right. Keep your eyes open."



"Are they engaged? I heard him begging for 'just one,' behind the palms over there."

"Naw! They're married. He was askin' for a dollar."

—Brown Bull

"Have you heard anything about this 'Back to Nature' Movement?"

"I don't dance — that way."

Mary had a little lamp,  
She filled it with benzine  
She went to light her little lamp,  
She hasn't since benzine.

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" demanded Helen's mother.

"Oh! we were discussing our kith and kin," replied Helen.

"Yeth you wath," interrupted Helen's little sister. "Mr. Thmith asked you for a kith, and you said you kin."

—Mugwump



## "WE'LL TELL THE WORLD"

That for \$40. this is  
the best made suit,  
ever made to suit  
very particular per-  
sons—

And the cloth, color  
and cut is as good as  
the making.

**MERRITT CLARK & CO.**  
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

# CALL 'HAMP 96 FOR TAXI SERVICE

**Remember:**  
We carry **your** athletic teams.  
"Nuffsed"

## City Taxicab Service

Draper Hotel Building  
Northampton

# PHONE 96

### TRAGEDY

Ain't it tough,  
When you're out with  
The "only" girl,  
And you've told her  
How much you  
Love her  
For her beautiful face  
And pretty ways;  
And you've told her  
You'll give up  
All other girls, and  
You'll reform and be good  
For her sake;  
And then,  
When you've sealed it  
With a marvelous  
Blissful, holy  
Kiss;  
And you take off  
Your frat pin,  
And you're putting it on  
Her dress;  
And then you stick yourself  
On some other guy's  
Frat pin,  
Ain't it tough?

—Mercury

# Foreword

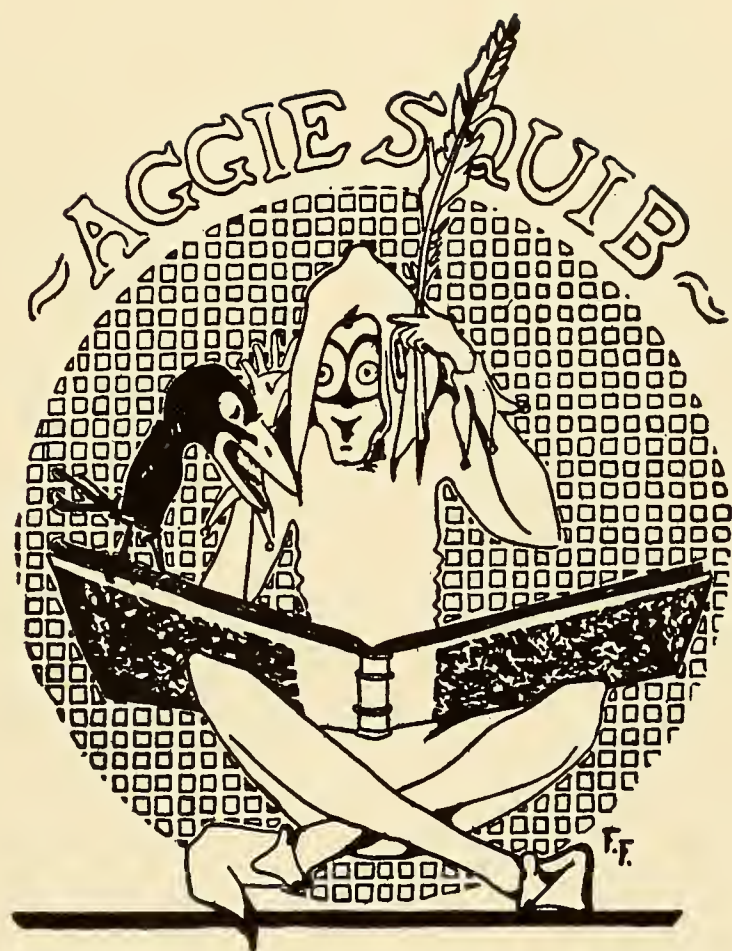
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## The Fussier

I loved her very lightly  
And I didn't love her long;  
And all that I remember  
Is a fragment of song  
We used to hum together,  
Dancing half the night:  
Memories are happy  
When love is short and light.

I loved her very lightly  
But she didn't understand.  
She thrilled at my kisses  
And the pressure of my hand.  
And so I had to leave her—  
No woman ever knows  
That when she starts to love me  
My light love goes!





QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE  
W. C. FROST, '24 C. V. PERRY, '24

BUSINESS MANAGER  
L. HALE, '25

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER  
V. PIERCE, '25

CIRCULATION MANAGER  
G. W. HANSCOMB, '25

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT  
H. LINDSCOG, '26  
H. RICHARDSON, '26  
J. W. PARSONS, '27  
R. A. DUPERRAULT, '27

The Aggie Squib is published six times during the college year, by the students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College in the months of November, December, February, March, May and June. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; all literary communications and drawings to the Managing Editor. Subscribers who do not receive copies will confer a favor by reporting the same to the Circulation Manager. Subscription price \$1.50; single copies 25 cents. Entered at the Amherst Post-office as second class matter.

SUBSCRIBERS

Any changes of address of subscribers should be reported to the Circulation Manager. Those not receiving copies are requested to notify him at once so that proper delivery can be made.

S

“MISS Jones, I want you to know my friend,  
Jim Knex.”  
“Oh, how nice,” she gushed.  
And Jim, the fool, blushed!

S

AS the artist said when he spoiled the third picture of the magazine girl, “I can’t feature her!”

# THE SQUIB

“’TIS FOLLY TO BE—”

I LOVED her because

1. Her hair was long and golden.
2. Her cheeks were a delicious pink.
3. Her lips were crimson flowers of delight.
4. Her ankles were slender perfection.
5. Her clothes were wonderful, and she more wonderful in them.
6. Her line was one on which I wished to hang my heart forever.

Then I moved into her mother's boarding house, and

1. I saw her hang her hair over a chair back and drop peroxide on it.
2. But her rouge was a screaming orange.
3. They should have been. Those lipsticks are expensive.
4. I think she laced them. The rest was —!
5. No one can stay dressed all the time, and—
6. She read all the magazines, and her line was hash, like her mother's food.

After that, I left the house. Love leaves with learning.

S

WAITER, have you any shelled corn?

WAITER (*surprised*): I think so, sir.  
Then take this egg out and feed it!

S

EXCITED VOICE (*over telephone to physician*):  
Doc, my — my — mother-in-law is at death's door. Please come and see if you can't pull her through.

S

WRATHFUL CO-ED (*during quarrel*): You talk like an idiot!

STUDE: Well — I have to talk so's you can understand.

S

## THE PROF'S VERSION

NO matter how many bolts he gives there are never enough to correspond to the number of nuts in the class.

S

MEMBER OF SQUIB BOARD (*to classmate*):  
Any suggestions for the Fusser's Number of the SQUIB?

CLASSMATE: Suggestion? (*Business of whispering*).

MEMBER: Well — er — I am afraid that is a little too suggestive.

THE sea-horse and the saw-horse once met, I  
can't say how —  
But you see neither sea-horse nor saw-horse today.  
There is only a sea-saw now!

S

HEARD IN THE STRAWBERRY BED: “Let's move  
over toward the middle of the bed.”  
“Yes, there'll be more bugs there.”

S

OH yes, I took Antonio's case.  
Am I a doctor? There you err.  
I took his case, — I paid for it,  
Antonio is my boot-legger.

S

K: MY girl only weighs a hundred pounds.  
K. K.: Just a nice armful, what?

K.: Not exactly, — but believe me, she sure is a handful!

S

“SARTORIALLY SPEAKING—”

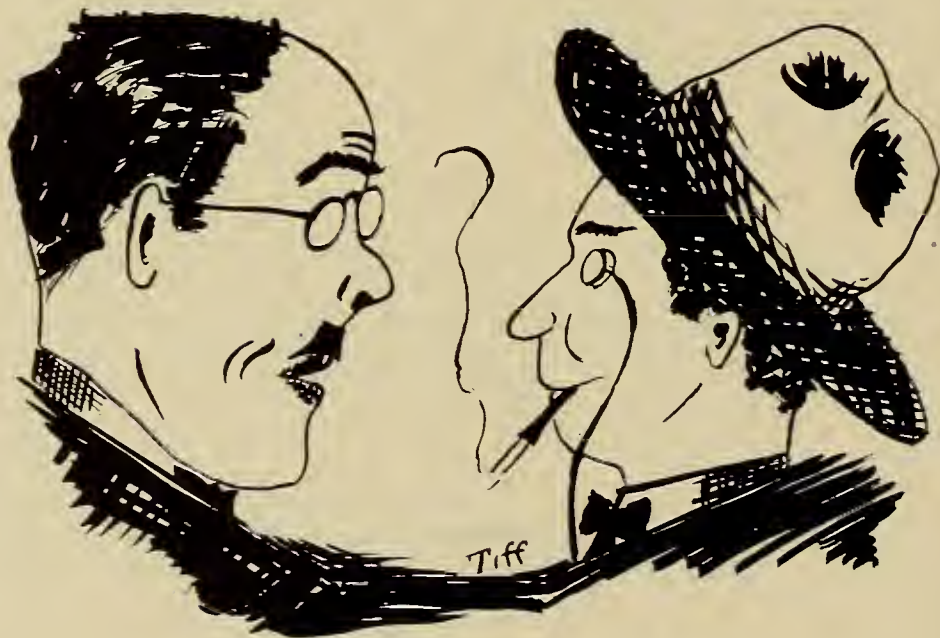
I GO necking every night,” said the spotted  
foulard scarf.

“Yes,” said the handkerchief, “but nobody nose  
as much as I do.”

S

I MEAN nothing to her,  
And she means nothing to me,  
But she gives the meanest of kisses,  
And so I mean her to see.

S



## DOUBLE CROSSED

SPARK: You say his brother is cross-eyed.  
PLUG: Is he? Why he's so cross-eyed he only  
needs one lens in his specs.



# THE SQUIB

## MISS INNOCENCE, 1924

I MET her at a dance. In her simple gown of white chiffon, with her smooth brown hair and her healthily flushed cheeks, she seemed like a lovely white rose in the midst of garish tulips and gaudy crysanthemums. She floated like a feather in my arms, a mere wisp of appealing girl-hood.

After the dance I led her out on the balcony where the moonlight haloed her hair and fell softly over the innocent wells of deepest blue that were her eyes.

She was my dream incarnate — the girl for whom I had been waiting all my life. She turned her shadowed lovely eyes to me, and opened her lovely cupid's-bow lips. I thrilled to the bottom of my heart, for my dream girl was about to utter some lovely sentence, some haunting phrase that I could shrine forever in my memory. She spoke—

"My gawd, but you Aggie men are like cold molasses," she said stridently. "What didja think I came out here for anyway? Cut out the moon eyes, and quit wasting time, you big dumb-bell."

Miss Innocence? I'll say I did that time!

S

## GIRL, WITH VARIATIONS

"I USED to believe," she said to me, "in being all things to all men."

"Used to?" I asked her. "Why the past tense?"

"Well, it was like this. Jim thought I was a lovely Mid-Victorian angel, and I used to wear ruffled muslin and used no rouge and read sweet little stories and went to church with him. And Bob thought I was a home-girl, and I used to wear flat heels and gingham aprons, and feed him cookies, which were really made by the cook. And Dick said I was a mad jazz-angel, and I used to dance and drink and pet with him. And then—"

"And then," I asked interestedly as she paused.

"Then one day I was sleepy, and I forget and told Jim a shady story, and wore a gingham apron out with Dick, and told Bob I just adored innocent little lambs, and wouldn't he go to Sunday School with me some day, and they—"

"They left you, of course. How sad," I cried.

"No, dammit, they didn't leave. They all proposed to me at once, and said they had only been waiting for a glimpse of my real self. Variety may be the spice of life, but it's not the nicest life."

She sighed deeply and went to answer the telephone, which had been ringing madly.

"Oh, Paul, is that you?" I heard her say. "No, I've been out playing golf all day. You know how I am about sports —"



## ... SLEEPY HOLLOW

I STOLE a kiss the other night,  
My conscience feels so black  
I think I'd better do what's right  
And put the darn thing back.

S

"SAY what's become of the swine that had the evil spirit cast into them?"  
"They made them into deviled ham."

S

PROF (*confidentially to a student*): Say, what kind of a fellow is Smith?

STUDENT: He is one of those fellows who always grab the stool when there is a piano to be moved.

S

SING a song of laughter,  
Pocket full of smiles,  
What the world is after  
Beats all other wiles;  
Life's too short for grumpiness,  
Spend your little while  
Looking for the beautiful —  
Wearing of a smile.

S

THE only thing that some people use their head for is to keep their ears apart.

S

THAT was uncalled for," said the Postmaster.

---

# THE SQUIB

---

PROF: Can any one tell me what glycerine is used for?

STUDENT: Yes, Sir, they mix it with rose water and use it after shaving.

PROF: Yes, maybe when you get old enough to shave you will use it.

*(General laugh from the class)*

STUDE (to bald-headed Prof): You probably will get a hair-cut as soon as I shave.

*(The class died)*

S

ZIG: Hey, where've all the olives gone?

ZAG: I got hungry last night and ate half the bottle.

ZIG: Next time you're hungry go ahead and eat the whole bottle, but save the olives for me!

S

A MAN was hired to carry hardware out of a ship onto a wharf. As he crossed the plank with two anvils, one under each arm, the plank broke and he went down into the water. He came up and shouted for a rope, but no one heard him. He went down and came up the second and third time. The last time he appeared he shouted, "If someone doesn't throw me a rope pretty soon I'll drop one of these anvils!"

S

"WANTED — some good fussing jokes."  
"Come over to the house — I'll show you several."

S

"HOW'S the riding class going, Captain?"  
"Rotten! Pupils falling off every day."

S

THE poets all pronounced  
Wind to rhyme with find.  
I wondered why,  
Till I happened to notice  
What the wind did to women's skirts—  
Now I know.



## A KISS IN THE DARK

S

## DANCING — MORE OR LESS

DANCING'S not the only thing people do at dances.

The free cut system is much in vogue, and words say less than glances.

The watchman on his weary way hears many a strolling couple say

Something like this:

HE: How cold your shoulder feels.

SHE (cooly): Maybe I'm giving you the cold shoulder.

HE (tenderly): You wouldn't treat me like that, would you?

SHE: No, not really.

HE: Then why —

SHE: Well, you have to give a cold shoulder to anything as fresh as this air.

HE: You win!

So he collects the prize, of course, and hunts for other chances,

For dancing's not the only thing people do at dances.  
Is it?

S

MARY had a little lamb,  
With around its neck a bell;  
Mary died and went to Heaven,  
The lamb it went tinkle-tinkle-tinkle!



---

# THE SQUIB

---

## *Editorials*

**T**HE exact shades of difference between fussing and petting and necking are open for debate. Fussing seems to be more intense than petting, but much milder than necking. The fusser is a petter plus line and ambition; he works especially well under the twin stimuli of light and music, although, paradoxically, he fusses best in the dark. The fusser's equipment is simple and more or less standardized; a pack of cigarettes, a package of Life Savers, several appropriate bits of poetry, two or three stock expressions, such as "Why not?" or "You know I never talk. Why don't you trust me, dear?"<sup>a</sup> and three or four varieties of kisses: platonic, affectionate, moderate, intense, and so on. Disillusionment is a prerequisite for successful fussing, for only the moth with fire-hardened wings is proof against the flame. A certain cynical sophistication is also valuable; many a good man has been strung on a carefully prepared line, and his scalp hung over the lady's desk in company with dance programs and other souvenirs of an acquisitive life, and only the armoured sophisticate can lift a mocking eyebrow and remark, "Well done, my dear, that is always a good line." Finally, lines and fusers are inseparable. If you doubt it, you have only to go and watch the men lined up waiting for the Hamp and Holyoke cars almost any evening!

S

**L**ONG ago, before we came to college, we had to look in the dictionary to find out what "fussing" meant. We found out — but not entirely from the dictionary. "To be overbusy about trifles" was what we gleaned from that learned seat of all knowledge. Judging from the experience since obtained, Webster has it right. A trifle in a pink ruffled dress; a trifle in an evening gown; a trifle ready for skating; anything, anywhere, anytime; in short, anyone, so long as she be feminine. What more is she than a trifle? Sh! Don't let her hear that, or SQUIBBY is a dead crow for ever more, but to quote our favorite prof., "This is self evident." — Now you remember Beth of high school days, and how you used to lean against the pillars in the corridor at noon and talk, until the math teacher claimed her attention. Was she a trifle? — Then Clara, the girl who lived across the way when you were in prep school. How she used to loiter invitingly before the gate when you brought her home from the movies. A trifle? — Then there was Mary, the girl from Smith you rushed your Freshman year. Secluded corners, dark nights, blond men, all remind you of her. Didn't she throw you over for a blond? Another trifle? — How about Anne, the fluffy co-ed who kept you away from the river and the mountain for the next two years? Do you remember that first moonlight night in June; or the last embrace by the Abbey door, with the matron due to appear around the corner? But that was a trifle, too. — Finally, there's Constance, from the old home town. You never thought you'd love her, when you used to play marbles with her twin brother. You never thought you'd watch for her letters, rush home to her at vacation. But you do; and sternly, valiantly, you deny that SHE, at least, is a trifle. — Far be it from SQUIBBY to wax cynical or sneer at the illusions of youth, for he is a wise old bird, and he knows that Webster is wrong, all wrong. Hush, calm the applause! Not about trifles, but about the overbusy part. "It could not was." The only adjective in fussing is "more". So SQUIBBY offers more!

S

**W**E say adieu.  
We hand over the reins.  
We wish the new editors God-speed.  
We are of '24.  
We say adieu.

# THE SQUIB

“MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE—”?

**B**ACK again to Alma Mater  
We will wend our gladsome way.  
(Hi, Samantha! Bring the water,  
Gosh, it's work a-pitchin' hay.)

How we'll gladly raise the echoes  
On the campus once again.  
(Darned that knock-kneed muley Jersey;  
Struck the stool and barked my shin.)

Yes, right joyfully we'll clamor  
By the old North College door.  
(Yes now, Maw, you know I'm comin',  
And I'll dip those hens fer shore.)

How I'd like to drive old Johnny  
Thru the good old strawb'ry bed.  
(Hush up, Roomy; stop your chatter,  
Let me grind this int' my head.)

Just to see the grain a-tossin'  
In the old south barley field!  
(Hang it all, my brain's a-balkin',  
What's the 1907 yield?)

'Twould be bliss to hear the dinner bell  
A-clanging from the hill.  
(How in all the name of angels  
Do you draught a window sill?)

So today, and yet tomorrow,  
Will the age-old tale go on;  
Ne'er content with joy or sorrow  
Till our fill of both is done.

S

**S**TUDENT: Don't you think that a course in  
fussing would be just the thing for the spring  
term?

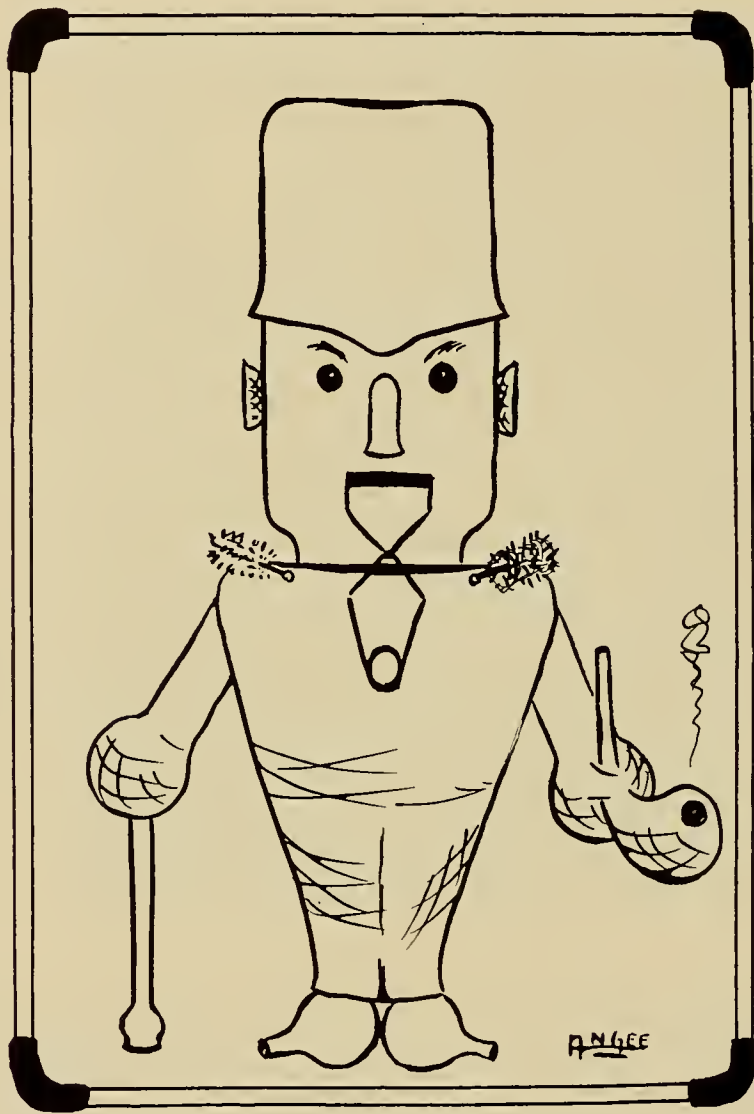
**MARRIED CLASSMATE:** Absolutely not; the results  
are too fatal.

S

“**Y**OU know what that girl's name should be!”  
“Pet-it?”

S

**A** SONG FOR THE MERRY MANICURIST: No  
matter how short I can file my nails, they will  
still belong to me.



## GENERAL CHEMISTRY

S

## EVA'S EVASION

*A playful play, parted three times.*

### PART I.

**EVA:** I'm so afraid Jack is going to propose to  
me tonight, and I'm not sure I love him. What  
shall I do?

**JULIA:** That's easy. Don't be definite either  
way — be hopefully evasive. Get it?

**EVA:** Give him an evasive answer?

**JULIA:** That's it.

### PART II.

**JACK:** Eva, I love you. Will you marry me?

**EVA:** Where was Moses when the light went out?

### PART III.

Departure.

S

## SNOW SERENADE

**W**E stroll together thru the snow;  
The snow is cold, my kisses hot.  
Too hot. You give me, dear, the deuce,  
And tho I try, alas, I know  
To fuss you chances I have not  
In all this snow, and so s'no use.



# THE SQUIB

## TO MY MODERN LUCASTA

WE'VE had a lot of fun together, slung lots of line, and meant none of it;

Danced hours together — You can do it!  
Your favorite phrase, "Oh, don't you love it?" I seem to hear.

Thank God that's over: variety is what I need.  
You're just the same each time I see you.

My constancy's a broken reed. I don't want love domesticated.

My motto women hate, and men adore —

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not others more."

S

## IMPOLITE THOUGHTS

YOUR nose is red,  
Your feet are huge.  
And why do you  
Use orange rouge?

If you love me—  
Well, if you do  
No knife will find me  
Where I've flew!

S



STAG: That chap over there sure is a smooth article. He's got lots of polish.

STAGGER: 'Snothin', my shoemaker's got that.

AGRI PROF: What is pasteurized milk?

BRIGHT FRESHIE: It is mild that comes from a cow that has been out to pasture.

S

## QUI MAL Y PENSE?

THERE was deep silence in that pink-shaded room, broken only by an occasional rustle or a half-whispered word. The filmy gauzes of a lacey negligee contrasted sharply with the sober black and white of masculine serge and linen. Her hair streamed loose, and she was very lovely. Suddenly the silence was broken—

"No, no, not that way," she cried sharply.

He moved quickly.

"That is better?" he asked anxiously.

"No, — oh, you don't know how you hurt me — oh, you hurt me so when you do that. Please, please—"

She broke off, trembling. Again he bent over her.

"Like this, then?" he questioned.

"Yes," she answered, "That's wonderful. Do it again."

"Right there?" he said.

"No, not there, — no, no — ah, there."

She sighed happily. For once Alphonse the Hairdresser was putting in a perfect marcel.

S

I HAVE a girl  
Her face is a fright.  
But that doesn't matter  
When I fuss her at night.

S

WHAT I discovered after giving her ten pounds of candy, several hundred sundaes, and three bottles of imported perfume: Collection is the better part of callers.

S

WHO is that homely looking girl?"  
ANGRILY: "That's my sister."  
"She sure can dance."

S

I'M working my way through college by writing."  
"What kind of writing?"

"Writing home."

---

# THE SQUIB

---

## Fussing 79

THE Schedule Committee offers the following course for the spring term — Fussing 79. It is thought that this course is especially suited to his year, it being Leap Year and there being so many engagements announced recently. There are no prerequisites to this course, except that hands and faces must always be washed previous to class hours. The course is open only to members of the senior class. There will be two sections—men students and co-eds: the field to be covered as follows:—

### SECTION I. MEN

#### A. *Petting.*

1. Where petting is appropriate.
2. How to pick out the girl who pets.
3. Diction adapted to the occasion.
4. Laporatory practice — co-eds being present.

#### B. *Kissing.*

1. Correct position of the nose.
2. What to do with the hands.
3. Cautions
  - a. The difference between pouting and puckering for a kiss, etc.
4. Why some girls stand upon tip-toe during the operation.

#### C. *Other general considerations, including methods of avoiding leap year pitfalls.*

### SECTION II. CO-EDS

#### A. *Petting.*

1. When to encourage petting.
2. How to make any man pet.
3. The most advantageous limit in a petting party.
4. Proper attire for petting.
5. Laporatory exercises — men being present.

#### B. *Kissing.*

1. How to best use the eyes in the operation.
2. Moist vs. dry lips.
3. Correct angle of the head.
4. Effect of sighs before and after kissing.

#### C. *Other general considerations, including short vs. long skirts in attracting the men, how to make the most of leap year, etc.*

It is recommended that students desiring knowledge of situations not covered by the above outline will submit these problems to the instructors for elucidation.

All laporatory exercises will be conducted in the Fussing Laporatory which is to be installed in the Abbey and is to be thoroughly equipped with sofas, divans, etc. In the laporatory exercises both sections will meet at the same time, otherwise they would not be effective.

Instructors have not yet been announced, but it is very probable that students and co-eds in the “engaged” classification of the senior class will serve in this capacity. (It is hoped that this fact will not cause too many to refrain from taking this course, however.)

Credits — 5 kisses per laporatory hour.

Certificates will be presented to the graduates of the course which, it is felt, will be invaluable to the student in the future struggle for a mate.

All seniors are urged to take this course as it is the most fundamental course in college for future welfare no matter what the vocation.





"FUSSED"

"FUSSING"

"STILL FUSSING"

· EVOLUTION ·



# THE SQUIB

“JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER—”

*(Being a cross-section of the Abbey on the morning of an impending Zoo quiz.)*

THE curtain rises slowly, and two sharp blasts of the Abbey whistle are heard, indicating it is 6.45 a.m. At once a wild chant bursts forth from the up-till-now quiet occupant of a bath-tub.

THE VOICE (*fortissimo*): The Coe-len-ter-ates are dis-tin-guish-ed by hav-ing but (rising inflection) two derm-al lay-ers, and—

A wet wash-rag hurtles over the partition and evidently lands somewhere in the vicinity of the chanter, for—

THE VOICE: My dear girl, if you do not remove your property from the immediate neighborhood of my neural arches along which extends a spinal cord, I shall feel it necessary to chastise you severely with the pentadactylic adaption of my ancestor's pectoral fin.

ANOTHER VOICE: Gosh, what a lot of loud excess CO<sub>2</sub> you do exhale!

*Silence and some splashing.*

VOICE No. 2: Snap out of that tub, will you? I've got to get over and exercise my digestive tract on a little hash.

VOICE No. 1: Calm yourself, my dear Vertebrate. It is most essential that I wash my epidermis thoroughly, thus removing—

A TWO-YEAR GIRL: Are you people *all* crazy?

VOICE No. 1: No, not all. I'm not, you're not, but that other evolutionary product out there is. The cerebral ganglia of her worm ancestors didn't develop right, or else—

VOICE No. 2: Huh! Anyway, its better than having all your cerebral tissues solidify into solid ivory, like your embryonic ones did!

THE TWO-YEAR GIRL: Murder! Snap out of it, will you?

VOICE No. 1: What does the murmur issuing from your buccal cavity wish to convey to my mind?

CHORUS OF VOICES: Get-out-of-that-tub.

VOICE No. 1: Oh, certainly.

VOICE No. 3: Hey, Joan, got a date for tonight?

VOICE No. 1: Date? Date? My dear, if you mean am I going to exercise a voluntary muscle action of my evolutionary pelvic fins, so that I will accompany a collection of modified cells of the opposite sex, yes.

CHORUS OF VOICES (*emphatically*): Less oratory. More speed.

VOICE No. 1: Calm yourself again, me dear Chordates.

She emerges and escapes down the corridor followed by a shower of towels, soap, etc. The curtain falls to a rising chant of

“You may damage my soma, but my sould is beyond your most strenuous epidermal activities.”

CHORUS (*wearily*): Please, kind Lord, let us pass the exam and have peace again.

THE END

S

## AN ELECTRICAL ROMANCE

THEY were out sparking one evening.

They walked across a magnetic field, and He felt lines of force in his arms.

As he attracted her by induction, he

Felt an electromotive force running

Up and down his spine, and

When he kissed her he got a

Shock.

S

“SAY, kid, did you ever get pinched for speed-ing?”

“No, but I have been slapped.”

S

FOND PARENT: What's worrying you, son?

OFFSPRING: I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull off a centipede to make him limp.

S

## SEQUEL TO THE ELECTRICAL ROMANCE

THEY were united by the magnetic powers

Of attraction, but the force of gravity brought him back

To earth about ten years (reduce to C. G. S. units)

Later, and he went off on a tangent, but their troubles soon

Divided into vectors, so a back—

Electromotive force separated them

And each was attracted to a new field.

S

WE were talking with a

Freshman the other day about

Fussing, and he said that every

Time he goes out he goes

Wilder. Then we knew he

Was going to major in

Landscape.

S

WHEN does SQUIB go to press?  
Who's he?”



---

# THE SQUIB

---

"HAD a wonderful partner at the dance last night; she could follow anything."  
"She'd have to, to dance with you."

S

THE world is so full of ponies and horses,  
That all of us ought to pass all our courses.

S

"WHAT do they make noodle soup out of, papa?"  
"Bone-heads, my son."

S

A MOTTO FOR FUSSERS: Who necks next, necks nicest.

S

## FOILED ROMANCE

OR

### THE TRAGEDY OF SHIPWRECKED SAM

THE setting, of course, is a tropical isle  
(The movies have made them the thing  
The hero lay sleeping in clothes torn to bits;  
They always do that in the movies, it's  
The result which all shipwrecks must bring).  
He started awake with a terrible screech,  
All alone on a sandy and tropical beach  
With a pelican flying just out of his reach,  
And six crabs doing a Highland fling.

He went down the beach in a vain search for food,  
And a-scratching as hard as he could —  
(It's not so in the movies, but tropical fleas  
On tropical beaches are thicker than peas  
And the sand-flies are equally good.)  
There close by the margin he saw in the sand  
The print of a delicate feminine hand.  
"Aha," said our hero, "the prospect is grand.  
I will do with this gal as I would."

He soon found the place, and beheld a grass skirt,  
And he made a wild dash for his prize.  
Took one look, started running, with nowhere to go—  
For a small island doesn't give one a fair show  
When a nightmare like that hits his eyes.  
Not one woman, but two, did our hero pursue,  
All alone on that island what could the man do?  
For his wife and his ma-in-law there met his view—  
So he jumps to the sharks and he dies.

*Slow Salt Curtain*

THE SQUIRE: Sire, a knight waits below.  
THE KING: How often do I have to tell you  
not to leave that dungeon trap-door open?

S

HE showed her the new water-works,  
And said, "Darling, I did all this engineering."  
But she only replied, "You're a dam liar."

S

## LOONEY LOGIC

I CAN prove anything.  
Prove that.  
Well, for instance, I love my girl.  
Yes.  
Love is blind.  
Yes, yes.  
So whenever I have a date with the girl I love—  
Yes, yes, go on.  
I have a blind date.  
What does that prove?  
That everyone who has a blind date is in love.

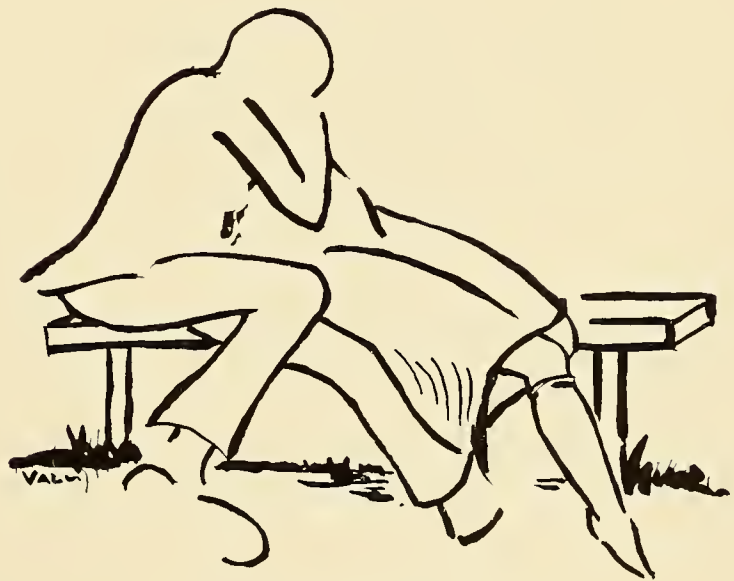
S

IF Dempsey published his memoirs, would you  
call it a scrap-book?

S

I'VE got a girl  
Thin as can be:  
But that don't stop her  
Loving me.

S



## LAW OF SCIENCE

TO every action there is an equal and opposite  
reaction.

# THE SQUIB

“YOUNG man, why do I find you kissing my daughter?”

“I guess, sir, it’s because you wear rubber heels.”

S

SOPH: Why did you tell her that I was a fool?  
FROSH: Gee, I’m sorry — was it a secret?

S

“FELT like the Piped Piper of Hamelin at the dance the other night.”

“How come?”

“So many rats after me!”

S

THERE was a little girl  
She had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forrid;  
When she was good, she was very, very cool  
But when she was bad she was torrid.

S

“THAT girl is simple.”  
“Yes, and she weighs a ton.”  
“Oh, then she’s a simpleton.”

S

WHY?

OH, why is the hole in a doughnut?  
What for is the crown in a hat?  
Why do ships carry anchors?  
What makes the wings of a bat?  
Why must my brain go on reeling?  
Why must I gurgle in pain?  
Why must I drag forth my feeling?  
SQUIBBY wants “copy” again.

S

“I WONDER if Professor McNutty mean’t anything by it.”  
“By what?”  
“He advertised a lecture on ‘Fools’ and when I bought a ticket it was marked ‘Admit One’.”

S

“CAN you keep a secret?”  
“I’ll tell the world.”



“SHE was dressed in sweet taste —”  
“You said a mouthful — bring her in.”

S

PROBLEM IN FUSSING ENGINEERING

SITUATION (*young man seated with young lady on sofa*): Let the initial pressure of young man’s arms about the girl be taken as 1 when the clearance is 1 foot.

REQUIRED: To find *clearance* when arm pressure has increased to 10.

PROF: “Try and find it!”

S

“YOUNG man, I saw you put your arm around my daughter last night.”

“I suppose you noticed how much she struggled, too.”

S

PROF: As a result of this last exam, the majority of the class failed!

STUDE: Hooray!

PROF: What! are you glad that you failed?

STUDE: No, Sir, I’m just glad that I am not the only one.



# THE SQUIB



**S**HE: I'd just go wild on a yacht.  
**H**E: How would you act on a motor boat?

S

**A**GGIE: What's the difference between fussing a Smith girl and a Holyoke girl?

**M**AC: Five cents.

S

**M**ATHEMATICS FOR FUSSERS: Too much distance is a mean distance, but at least it keeps one from going to extremes.

S

**"M**Y father was killed in a feud."  
"I never would ride in one of those cheap cars."

S

**"T**HIS paper says women in Hamburg are wearing paper dresses."

"Zat so? I'll have to tell my brother about that."

"Why? Is your brother abroad?"

"No, he's a paper hanger."

## WITH THE AWTHLETS

AGGIE NECKERS WIN CLOSE CONTEST

(*A la Collegian*)

**L**AST Friday night a very close and exciting necking contest took place. Our man had a slight edge on — his opponent throughout the match and it was all our battle.

As the whistle blew our opponent breezed from her armchair and tried to obtain a strangle hold, but old Aggie was too strong for her. With a mighty heave he loosed her grip and diving at her he obtained a bicuspid hold on the back of her neck. In this position they writhed and twisted for several minutes while the orchestra played the soft strains of, "Yes We Have No Bananas."

For some time it looked as if the contest would end in a draw but finally the greater fighting morale of the "little giant" came to the rescue and with a quick twist he dropped to a toe hold and thence easily managed to throw his opponent.

Throughout the whole match the "agate" showed superior sticking quality and to the end he kept his head and never for a minute was there any doubt as to the outcome. Our opponent was especially good at counter-attack.



# THE SQUIB



I got a man.  
He's six feet two;  
He don't love many  
But, Lordy! when he do:—

—Medley

S

GIN: Does your girl smoke?  
GER: No. She's cool.

—Green Gander

S

MARIA: John, John, get up, the gas is leaking.  
JOHN: Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed!—

—Iowa Green Gander

S

WOULD-BE ACTOR: Did I understand you to say  
that I was a ham?

SWEET CHORINE: No, no, my dear! Hams can be  
cured.

—Medley

S

## HOT STUFF

CHAPPER: I wish I were a fireman.

FLAPPER: Fire away!

CHAPPER: Then I could put out all your other  
flames.

—Pitt Panther

S

## BRIGHT IDEA

FATHER: How is it, young man, that I find you  
kissing my daughter? How is it I ask you?

YOUNG MAN: Oh, it's great, it's great.

—Belle Hop

S

Two sons of Erin were talking together. "And so  
yer name is O'Hara? Are you related to Pat?"

"Very distantly," said the other. "I was me  
mother's first child and Pat was the thirteenth."

—Bison

The two sat in a secluded nook in the moonlight:  
"Love is blind," he quoted rapturously.

"Well, can't you tell where I am by feeling?"  
she retorted peevishly.

—Texas Ranger

S

SOPH: Have you proposed to Edith yet?

JUNIOR: No, I'm waiting to see what she looks like  
the morning after the Junior Prom.

S

HE (*sadly*): I'm sorry I can't take you riding to-  
night, but something's the matter with my clutch.

SHE: If that's the case, there wouldn't be any  
pleasure in it, anyway.

—Black and Blue Jay

S

CHEM. PROF.: And tomorrow I shall take cyanide.

CLASS (*unanimously*): Ray, Whoops, Yeay, Rah!

—Black and Blue Jay

S

CAT: Good heavens! This is Friday, and we  
haven't a fish in the house!

NIP: Aw, go out in the kitchen and get a perch  
out of the bird-cage.

—Chaporral

S

I call my girl "English Ovals" because she is  
within the price of all.

—Mercury

S

"Sue got awful sea-sick last night."

"Why?"

"She had a date with a football star and he had  
water on his knee."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

S

"Do these chorus girls belong to the Actors'  
Equity Association?"

"Sure; can't you see their union suits?"

—Yale Record



COUNSEL: Now, where did he kiss you?

PLAINTIFF: On the lips, sir.

COUNSEL: No! No! You don't understand. I mean where were you?

PLAINTIFF (*blushing*): In his arms, sir.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

APOLLO: What attitude do you take about kissing?

DAPHNE: Oh, body at thirty degrees, head back, lips apart, and eyes veiled.

—*Voo Doo*

A woman's cheeks are like a team of horses —  
There's one on each side of a waggin' tongue.

—*Yellow Jacket*

"When I was in London a policeman touched his hat to me and said 'Good evening, my Lord'."

"That's nothing — when I was in New York a policeman touched me with his club and said 'My God, get off the grass'."

—*Brown Bull*

#### HER OWN FAULT

GIRL (*telling date good-night*): When you were standing here has it ever dawned on you —

DATE: Gosh, no, you never let me stay that late.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

The bird that said, "Two can live more cheaply than one," was evidently a college man with a roommate.

—*Texas Ranger*

THE MODERN GIRL'S BELIEF: Never leave off tomorrow what you can leave off today.

—*Medley*

#### AT THE MUSIC SHOP

"I'd like to see 'Bee's Knees'."

"She's out to lunch. Can you call later?"

—*Chaparral*

CO-ED: You know, I didn't accept Claude the first time he proposed.

FRIEND: I guess you didn't. You weren't there.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

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FRIEND: Where did you get that red lantern?  
DRUNK (*holding red lantern*): Shome darn foolsh  
left itsh shide a bigsh hole.

—*Green Gander*

---

#### NOTHING AT ALL

SHE: How do you like my new dress?  
HE: Why, nothing would look better on you—  
SHE: Sir!! How dare you?

—*Belle Hop*

---

THIRSTY TOM: Y'know, ish hardes' thing in th'  
world.

FRIEND: Huh, wassat?

THIRSTY TOM: Wy, to — hick — let a telephone  
post walk pash yu without shaking handsh.

—*Texas Ranger*

---

PIE: How'd the costume ball turn out?

EYED: Oh, everything went fine until some of the  
girls appeared in paper dresses and the boys went  
on a tear.

—*Voo Doo*

---

All girls are as pure as snow — until they drift.

—*Yellow Jacket*

## AGGIE MEN

FOR

### That Sunday Night Supper

OR FOR

### A Bite in-between-times

VISIT

---

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HEE: Let's sit this one out.

SHEE (*indignantly*): Why? doesn't my dancing  
satisfy you?

—*Medley*

---

EIGHT BALL: Boy, when does you aggravate fum  
dis yeah edumucational intuition?

MIDNIGHT: Ah fluctuates soon. Ah done paid  
mah masticulation fees dis mohnin'!

—*Parakeet*

---

What every young girl wants to know — more.

—*Black and Blue Jay*

---

#### THE BASHFUL MILLIONAIRE

They were alone in the motor car, far away from  
any habitation. He was young and she was beauti-  
ful. The gentle breeze was laden with the sensuous  
aroma of pine. There was no one in sight.

He stopped the car and looked at her with a  
twinkle in his eye. She had seen the twinkle in  
other men's eyes and she felt that she had at last  
won the bashful millionaire.

"I wonder —," he began and hesitated.

"Yes?" she suggested encouragingly.

"I wonder," he said, "if it would be asking too  
much of you to hold my straw hat while I drive?  
I'd like to get this wonderful breeze."

—*Belle Hop*



### SWEET COOKIE

I don't love my girl for her dimples,  
I don't love my girl for her smiles,  
It can't be her face or her figure;  
I guess it must be her LOOSE-WILES.

—Texas Ranger

SAM: He surely is a wonder. He can take a brush  
and make a few strokes and the result will make a  
man's heart stand still.

Bo: Why that's nothin', a woman can take a  
lipstiek and an eyebrow peneil and do the same.

—Medley

DRUNK: Who are you?

POLICEMAN (*indignantly*): Me!

DRUNK: I thought so.

—Texas Ranger

LADY: Can you let me have two first-class rooms?

HOTEL CLERK: Yes, Suite One.

LADY: Sir!

—Yellow Jacket

"Here's a fine opening for some one!" exclaimed  
the grave-digger as he finished his job.

—Black and Blue Jay



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"Why are you leaving, Bridget, something pri-  
vate?"

"No, mum, a sergeant."

—Medley

### SHADOWS

(*Headline in Denver News*): Bride's Originality  
Shows Thru Her Wedding Costume.

—Colorado Dodo

BLACK: Niggah, how much you gittin' fo' workin'  
heah?

TAN: Ten dollahs per.

BLACK: What! Ten dollahs per day?

TAN: Naw; perhaps.

—Chaparral

He had proposed to her, as is still the custom with  
some people, and her answer had been "No, NO!"  
Can you imagine then, why he crushed her exultantly  
to his manly breast and then rushed off to buy the  
license? Well, it's very simple: They were both  
English teachers and so knew very well that two  
negatives make an affirmative.

—Yellow Jacket

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ROSE: Let me show you some pretty stockings.

YOUNG MALE CUSTOMER: Now, now, that's not nice. Papa spank.

—Brown Bull

---

TAXI DRIVER (*accusing his car*): Miguad what a clutch!

FROM REAR SEAT: What business is it of yours?

—Yellow Jacket

---

EDNA: If you were a girl, you'd make a perfect Venus De Milo.

ED (*trying to be funny, even after such a compliment*): But I have my arms.

EDNA: Oh, have you?

—Yellow Jacket

---

She met him in the darkened hall,

He said, "I've brought you roses."

Her answer was irrelevant,

She said, "How cold your nose is."

—Colorado Dodo

---

"I am not much on women," said the evening gown to the slipper.

—Crocker

DOCTOR (*examining a negro, very much under the influence of liquor*): Why, this man's been drugged.

MOSE: Yas, suh, I knows it. I drugged him all the way from de saloon.

—Black and Blue Jay

---

## THANK YOU

HE: How long have you been married?

SHE: Three years, thank you.

HE: Have you got any children?

SHE: A boy and a girl, thank you.

HE: Don't thank me — Oh . . . ! ?

—Voo Doo

---

BILL: He acts like a fish out of water!

YARD: Yes, dear, take him down to the poolroom, and perhaps he will settle down.

—Chaparral

---

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes.

"Do you want the shoulders padded my little man?" inquired the tailor.

"Naw," said Willie insignificantly, "pad me pants."

—Belle Hop

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1ST STUDE: What a dumb lecture! What time is it?

2ND STUDE: 20 to 12.

3RD STUDE (*waking up*): Hurrah! Who made the touchdowns?

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

AIN'T WAR — AWFUL?

LIEUTENANT: Pick up the cadence!

ROOK: Pick it up yourself — I didn't drop it.

—*Columns*

PROF: What's the difference between "You will call on a girl" and "You have called on a girl"?

I. M.: Usually one frat pin.

—*Cracker*

THE FLYING CORPSE

SMALL BOY: Aw, gee, pop, I don't like airplane chicken.

FATHER: What do you mean by "airplane chicken"?

SAME BOY: Aw, you know — all wings and no machinery.

—*Columns*

BIG: What's the difference between moral and morale?

WIG: When you're afraid to do something because it's wrong—that's moral. And when you're not afraid to do it—that's morale.

—*Pitt Panther*

SHE (*home for the holidays*): Oh, Jack, next month we're going to have a dance called "The Masquerade of Metals." Sarah is to be Miss Gold, Edith is to be Miss Silver, Constance is to be Miss Brass, and —

HE (*interrupting*): And what are you to represent?

SHE (*enthusiastically*): I? Why I'm going to be Miss Lead.

—*Texas Ranger*

He thought he'd surely made a hit,

When for his photograph she prayed,

"Out when this calls," she wrote on it

And gave it to the maid.

—*Lord Jeff*

"My good man, you had better take the street car home."

"Sh'no ushe! My wife wouldn't let me-hic-keep it-hic-in the house."

—*Bison*

# Paper City Engraving Company



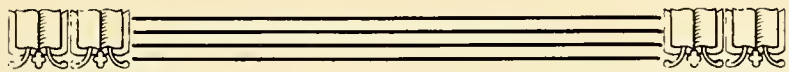
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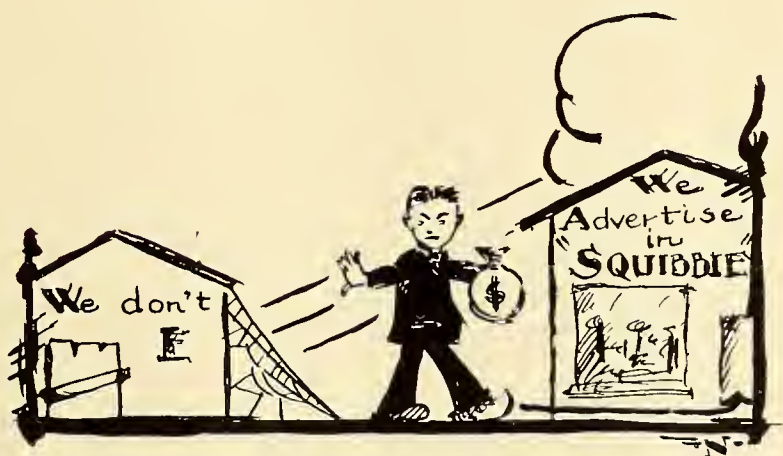
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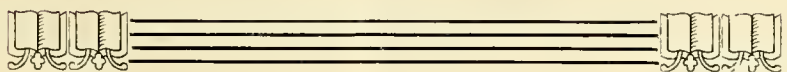
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*We aim to cooperate with our advertisers*



SOPH: Have you ever taken anesthetics?

FRESH: No; what hour does it come?

—White Mule

"Where ya been?"

"To the movie to see Doug Fairbanks in 'Robin Hood'."

"Stealin' from the Ku Klux Klan, huh?"

—Mugwump

FIRST BURGLAR: Where ya been?

SECOND BURGLAR: In a fraternity house.

FIRST BURGLAR: Lose anything?

—Black and Blue Jay

### ACCORDING TO HOYLE

"Well!" muttered father as the nurse brought in the newly arrived twins. "Here's where a pair makes a full house."

—Columns

### REMEMBER

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Now gentle reader, if you were the clerk what would you have gotten her? Well—to help you out we'll tell you the answer, she wanted a thimble.

—Beanpot

#### SOLVED AT LAST

A flapper is a little bobbed-haired girl who paints, powders, and rouges her lips, and pencils her eyebrows, and they says, "Clothes, I'm going down town. Want to hang on?"

—Witt

MINISTER (*at baptism of a baby*): His name please?

MOTHER: Randolph Morgan Montgomery Alfred van Christopher McGoof.

MINISTER (*to assistant*): A little more water please.

—Yellow Jacket

JACK: May I ask you for this dance?"

JEAN: "Please do; I've been dying to refuse you all evening.

—Pitt Panther

MOTHER: Now, Dorothy, do you know what becomes of bad little girls?

DOT (*hanging her head*): Yes'm, they have dates every night when they grow up.

—Black and Blue Jay

HOSTESS: Must you be going, Mr. Dugan?

ABSENT-MINDED RADIO ANNOUNCER: Er, yes, good night. WZOK signing off at 11.15 p. m.

—Brown Jug

WIFE: Some day you're going to be mighty sorry you married me!

HUBBY: Some day?

—Brown Jug

#### A SAFETY SIGN

"Jim, I see that your mule has U. S. branded on his right hind leg. I suppose he was an army mule and belonged to Uncle Sam."

"No suh, dat U. S. don't mean nothin' 'bout Uncle Samuel. Dat's jess a warnin'. Dat U. S. jess stands fo' Un - Safe—at's all."

—Bison

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### TRIOLET

“A little kiss when no one sees  
Where is the impropriety?  
How sweet amid the birds and bees,  
A little kiss when no one sees!  
If taken with sobriety;  
A little kiss when no one sees,  
Where is the impropriety?”

PATRICK: I have a fine job in a shirt factory now.  
HENRY: Then why aren't you at work this afternoon?

PATRICK: Oh, we're making night shirts now.  
—*Pith Panther*

HE: Yes, I intend to graduate from Technology.  
SHR: Oh, I think it's wonderful for one to have his life work all planned.  
—*Voo Doo*

HEADLINE: Lightning Knocks Man Out of Bed.  
We suppose he said, “All right, dear, I'll get right up.”  
—*Yellow Jacket*

“Mother, may I have a nickel to give to the old man who is crying outside?”  
“Why, certainly, dear; but what is he crying about?”  
“He's crying, 'Hot roasted peanuts, five cents a bag!'”  
—*Wisconsin Octopus*

SCHOOL TEACHER: Now class, cross your “t's” but not your “i's.”  
—*Humbug*

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A PERFECT RECITATION

INSTRUCTOR IN VETERINARY CLASS: What would you do for a dog that was poisoned by strychnine?

STUDENT (*who had not studied the assignment on antidotes for poisons*): I would start digging a hole.  
—Green Gander

HAM ACTOR (*in melodramatic tones*): The time is ripe; throw them in.

STUDE (*in gallery*): Sam, he's calling for those tomatoes.

—Cracker

MRS. SAMBO: Sambo! Sambo, wake up.

SAMBO: I can't.

MRS. SAMBO: Why can't you?

SAMBO: I ain't asleep.

—Centre Colonel

THE BULLY

LITTLE GIRL (*speaking in quivering voice to big, heavy-browed man with a glittering knife*): Have you no heart?

MAN (*growling*): No.

LITTLE GIRL: Well, then, I'll take ten cents worth of liver.

—Wisconsin Octopus

LAUGHABLE

Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Laugh and you laugh alone;  
The first when the joke's the professor's,  
The last when the joke's your own.

—Belle Hop

HIGHBROW AND DIGNIFIED PROFESSOR: I teach Philosophy and Ethics. And what do you teach?

FRESH YOUNG TEACHER: Wops.

—Beanpot

CONSULT A MINISTER

Now Gracie is my room-mate's girl,  
And she sure has a wonderful face—  
She vamped the frat pin off of me  
Would you say I had fallen from Grace?

—Beanpot

NO ROUGH TALK

"And now, Johnny," said the teacher, "can you tell me what is raised in Mexico?"

"Aw, go on!" replied the bright boy. "I know what you want me to say, but ma told me I shouldn't talk rough."

—Belle Hop

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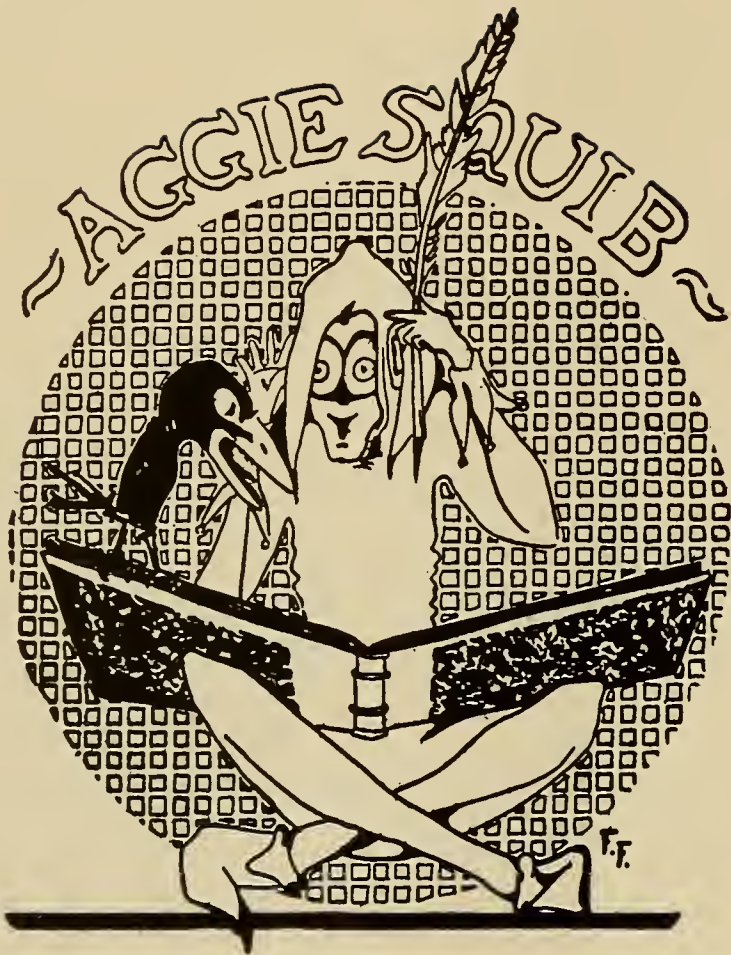
1 Main St., - Amherst, Mass.  
Opp. Postoffice



# Foreword

To 1928

To the prehistoric college,  
In an abid search for knowledge  
Freshmen hastened.  
Learned to Bean the Brontosaurus,  
And — what is more important for us —  
Sophomores chastened  
Till some ape-man got ambitious  
And carbed on a stone propitious  
The first joke:  
When a Freshman would begin it  
He'd forgot, in just a minute,  
Bones were broke!  
And today the thing continues;  
Though he ache in all his sinews  
And his brain:  
“Squib” is here to help him lighten  
All his woes, his life to brighten  
Once again!



QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE

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The Aggie Squib is published five times during the college year, by the students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College in the months of November, December, February, March and May. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; all literary communications and drawings to the Managing Editor. Subscribers who do not receive copies will confer a favor by reporting the same to the Circulation Manager. Subscription price \$1.25; single copies 25 cents. Entered at the Amherst Post-office as second class matter.

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S  
“MAY I cut in?” said the surgeon as he started to operate.

S  
ACCORDING to some cynics of the weaker sex, so-called, it is no error if the zoologist designates man as Homo sap.



# THE SQUIB

1928

MAGNIFICENT

Courageous

Militant

Xperts

Xellently

Versed

In

Ironical

Incidents

(the paddles, boys )



THE LITTLE SHAVER

S

S

“THAT certainly is a dirty underhanded game.”  
“What is?”  
“Horseshoes.”

S

HAMM: A frieght car don't need no engine to  
make it go.  
NEGGS: How's that?  
HAMM: The freight makes the cargo.

S

“LAST night a pretty girl asked me if I wanted  
a kiss?”  
“Did you accept the offer?”  
“No, I woke up.”

S

WHY do I love you? You ask with your lips  
On my cheek—  
It's not your face, your line, not even you—  
It's your technique!

S

WE know a fellow who is so dumb he thinks  
a bridle path leads to the altar.

S

## NEW BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

“THE Fatal Step”, by Bob D'Hare  
“The Last Kiss”, by Justin Tyme  
“Locked Out”, by the Two Leight Sisters  
“The Open Door”, by Wilder Hall  
“Why Study?”, by Otto Nekke  
“Parlor Etiquette”, by Treat M. Ruff  
“Sweet Words”, by Onle Bull  
“A Woman's Right”, by Knox M. Dedd  
“How to Study”, by Usa Trotte  
“One More Kiss”, by Shay King Keyes

# THE SQUIB

## IT DOESN'T PAY

CHARACTERS: Freshman.  
Co-ed.  
Sophomore.

PLACE: Campus.  
TIME: Any evening.

### SCENE I

FROSH: "May I?"  
CO-ED: "You may."

### SCENE II

FROSH (*sitting down*): Isn't the moon lovely?  
CO-ED: Yes, and what a fine night.  
SOPH: It sure is.

### SCENE III

SOPH: Isn't the moon lovely?  
CO-ED: Yes, and what a fine night.  
FROSH (*sorrowfully from a distance*): Was.

(THE END)

S

OH Frosh, Beware  
That baby stare,  
Beware that co-ed blond.  
The Bible says  
The woman pays  
But *you* go in the pond!

S

"WELL, I'll be jiggered," said the old man as  
he mounted the horse for the first time.

S

RECENTLY we discovered the counterpart of  
the lounge lizzard. The lounge lizzie.

S

SIM: Why do they call that man the big cheese?  
SAM: Because he's so holy.

## OWED TO THE TREASURER

LITTLE fees and taxes,  
Little books to sell,  
Make a college student  
Opulent as — John D. would be if he were broke.

S

HE: Her lips are like an uncut Garnet.  
ANOTHER HE: What do you mean?—rough  
or red?

S

AND how did the physics prof. look when he  
entered the room?

Why, he looked like any good instructor should  
before giving an exam.

And how is that?

Simply this. He came to the physical quizz with  
a quizzical phizz.

S



"When a Feller Needs a Friend."





## Editorials

**T**HE Board wishes to do a little protesting. We can't please all of the college all of the time. We do our best, but the best is not good enough for you. Now publishing a college funny paper is no joke. The funny material turned in is apt to border on the risque, and has to be carefully censored. If the censoring is too careful, SQUIB comes out and a howl goes up simultaneously. "Why don't you get out some snappy stuff? SQUIB's dead. It's nothing but a Sunday School leaflet. Look at the *Purple Caterpillar*. Why can't you go and put out some peppy stuff like that? You're rotten!"

So the next time the pictures pep up and a few wise cracks slip by the censor, and what happens? Another howl of "How do you get that way? SQUIB's the limit. Why don't you get some funny stuff that wasn't dragged out of the garbage pail, like the *Purple Caterpillar* has? You're rotten!"

We ask you, what to do? A man carrying two tons of dynamite over a tight rope with a den of lions and a tank of crocodiles below has a peaceful stroll in comparison with our march between the desert wastes of Too Good and the quicksands of Too Bad. How about helping us? Turn in the funny stuff you hear or pull or think of. Give us material that you like, and we will give you a SQUIB you will like even better.

S

**I**WONDER — Yes, we are all wondering. The Seniors are wondering if they can raise a moustache. Some have succeeded, others have done their best. They are wondering if the lower class men will laugh at their vain attempts to raise one. At least they hope not. "I wonder if the frosh will salute me if I haven't one — gosh, I hope so. I might wear my numerals, they they'll recognize me — but still I can wear my senior hat, it looks rather shabby — oh well, if they don't recognize me and don't salute maybe some soph will warn them — I'll let it go at that." Then we have the Juniors — yes, the invincible and sophisticated sophs of yesterday — with no studying to do. "I wonder if I can date up that girl over the mountain. I wonder if that is the right number? — Yup it is and she is there — they are calling her — ooh I can hear her coming. Oh Hello, Sis,— How are you? — have a good summer — I wonder if you know who this is — no — not him — Yup now you have me — quit your kidding — Say, I wonder if I can come over to-nite — all right seven-thirty — Bye." So he wondered until he saw her. Then the Soph, yes, the ex-service man of the freshman class. Hard — hard-boiled, tough, fearless — he wonders, too, "Can I pass physics? Chem? Botany? English? Sure I can, but I wonder if that freshman has a match. Hey freshman, gotta a match, Used them up in Chemistry, hey? What's your name? — Smith?— Well which one?" The poor Freshman: we can't forget him. He wonders if he will get a pond party. "I wonder if I was supposed to salute him — guess not — he looks like a two year — I wonder if I'll get that check from home — I wonder if I can pass that study — Gee it's tough." The Profs, too, are wondering — what? well guess. But most of all you are wondering what the SQUIB will be like. The Board isn't wondering — we know — it will be a wonder. However, even if we are all wondering — we welcome you frosh and wish you the best of luck at Aggie.

S





MORAL TO FRESHMEN

Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.



# THE SQUIB

## DANCING WITH AN UNKNOWN

**I**NTRODUCTION. Start to dance.

Silence. 5 minutes.

"Good music, isn't it?"

"Yes, very good."

Silence. 2 minutes.

"It must be deadly to be a chapcrone."

"Wouldn't you hate to have to watch the dancing for a whole evening?"

Silence. 3 minutes.

Bump!

"Sorry."

"That's all right."

Silence. 1 minute.

"Do you live near here?"

"I'm from Boston."

"Oh yes, Boston."

Silence. 2 minutes.

"I met an awfully attractive man from here last summer — Harry Green, his name was. Did you ever know him?"

"Green? Harry Green? Don't think so — what was he, a graduate? Wait a minute, I used to know an Arthur Green. Are you sure it wasn't Arthur?"

"He *called* himself Harry."

"Oh."

Silence. 2 minutes.

"That was a good dance. Let's try and find our partners."

"Yes, let's."

Silence. Search.

Both (relieved): "Oh, there you are! We've had such a nice dance!"



## ROMANCE

**Y**OU said you'd treasure every word I wrote,  
And in some scented sanctuary hide  
Each tender missive, every hurried note:  
You kept your pledge, that can not be denied.  
  
Yet now, dear, I am ready to regret  
Such deep devotion as you made endure.  
My letters were not worth it,— tho, my pet,  
They'll help your breach-of-promise suit, I'm sure.

S

**S**HE: How remarkable! You say you were never in a canoe before, yet you handle a paddle like a veteran. Where did you ever learn it!  
**HE:** Well, you see, I was once a Sophomore at college.

S

**I**NVENTORY of a Humorist who is trying to invent a joke that no one ever heard before and every one will like:  
Loss—One gross manila paper  
Six lead pencils  
Four sleepless nights  
A normal appetite  
A good disposition  
Gain—NOTHING

# THE SQUIB

## DELETED DITTIES

NOTE: The censorship is becoming more and more rigid. In order to comply with all state and Federal laws, we are leaving these poems blank where they are at all questionable. We do not recommend your filling in these blanks with an unauthorized version.

1. The man who kisses  
Then goes to tell,  
Will eventually  
Go to————

2. I tried to date her  
After chapel.  
She only said  
“Aren’t you an————”

3. He kissed her once  
Or maybe twice,  
Then said to her  
“Your kiss is————”

4. Miss?  
Bliss.  
Wife?  
————.

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION (we will furnish the correct answers to the above only on the condition that you never mention it. You probably won’t anyway).

Answer to 1. His fraternity house. Guess again!  
2. “Angel to ask me.” Get that one?  
3. Ice. Unlikely, of course.  
4. You win on this one. Strife.

S

SWEET YOUNG THING (*watching a football game*):  
“What are those men jumping on each other  
for, they’re not fighting are they?”

DISGUSTED ESCORT: Oh, no. Some one dropped  
a quarter and each one is trying to get to it first.”

SHE: It’s only six o’clock and I told you to come  
after supper.”

HE: That’s what I come after.

S

S

FROSH (*at the frat*): Why do these floors need to  
be washed so often?

HOUSE MANAGER: Because they are made of  
Scrub pine.

S

MR. I. M. SOHR will now sing a ballad en-  
titled, “I Call My Room-mate Pansy  
‘Cause He Takes Up All the Bed.”

S

CO-ED FROSH: Bill says I’m like the girl on the  
magazine cover.

CO-ED SOPH: He sees you only once a month is  
why.

S

HE: Are you going out tonight?  
SHE: No! Why?

HE: Let’s go out.

SHE: Why, we were out last night.

HE: Yeh, but let’s go out and get acquainted.

ROSHANARA crepe  
Is the stuff for fussing.

It never shows

So the ad goes

The slightest signs of mussing.



# THE SQUIB

I KNOW a girl  
Who paints  
And she certainly  
Can draw  
Men.

S

SHE: Have you any friends in the Navy?  
HE: Oh, yes, gobs and gobs.

S

DUF: Those Squibs are darned funny — they  
won't burn in the fire.

OLAF: No wonder—you fool, they are made of  
asbestos.

DUF: Huh, that's news to me, why do they make  
them with asbestos?

OLAF: So that the hot jokes can not set the paper  
on fire.

S

“WHY won't Alice speak to George?”  
“She told him she was going to drop in the  
barber shop and get her head shingled.”

“What's the matter with that?”

“Nothing only he said she didn't need to — a  
good solid piece of wood would last for years just  
as it was.”

S

BESIDE the silent telephone  
The homely damsel waits:  
And waits and waits and waits and waits  
And waits and waits.  
No dates!

S

“SAY, Bill, you're a Radio fan, did you ever  
think you got Mars?”  
SAD LOVER: No, but I've often received Pa's.

## A SEA-SONG

A BELL buoy leads a placid life.  
He is tipped by all the  
Swells of the ocean.  
And has nothing to do but  
Crab the game of  
All the sharks that try to get away with  
The ocean current-cy.  
If the oysters sleep  
In one of the ocean beds  
He always makes them shell out  
Afterwards—  
And he never goes anywhere  
Without a porpoise.  
If he ever gets bored  
He can get up a flirtation  
With a passing Cetacean,  
And have  
A whale of a time.  
Yes,  
On the whole a bell buoy  
Leads a placid life.

S

SOMETHING every woman has to decide for  
herself: which ice-cream flavor.

S



'TIS better to have loved and lost  
Than loved, married, and been bossed.

# THE SQUIB

**R**AZZ: His line is so weak that it wouldn't hold  
up a shirt.

RAZZER: Nor hang a skirt, either.

S

## OUR LAST RETREAT

**T**HEY took up our golf and tennis,  
They put on our sport pants.  
They wear our one-piece bathing suits  
And even ask us to dance.

They're drinking, and smoking our cigarettes,  
And now they carry our canes  
To swagger up and down the street  
And kick if we complain.

But worst of all the things they've done,  
They've taken our barber chair.  
Our best and last retreat is gone  
For now they've cut their hair.

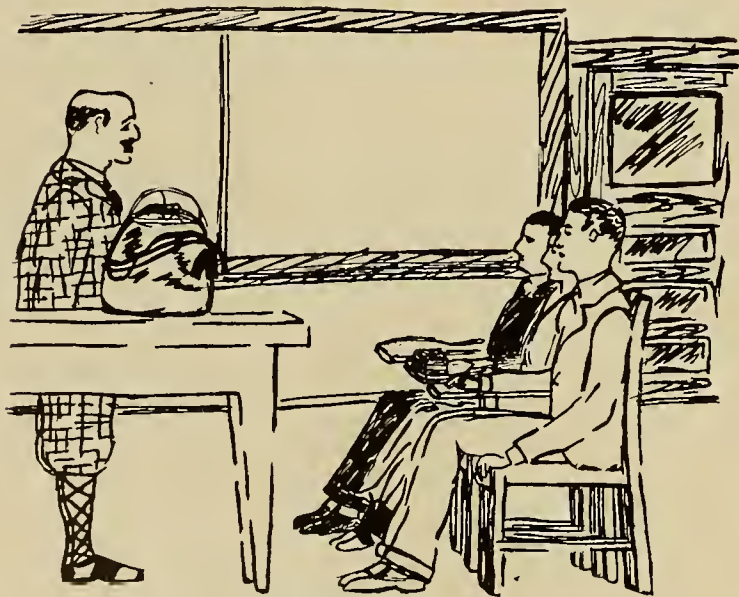
S

**H**E (*over the phone*): What time are you expecting  
me?

SHE (*icily*): I'm not expecting you at all.

HE: Then I'll surprise you.

S



**P**ROF: Now, gentlemen, this machine on the  
table is used for milking cows.

FROSH: I thought the calf did that.

**S**HE may be tall and lank and lean,  
But she can love like a sheikerine.

S

**T**HE dashing romeo had gone to call on his girl,  
Beatrice.

After a while her mother, who could not see *all*  
there was to be seen said, "Mr. Jackson, there is a  
bee on your back."

"Oh! No!" said little brother, "Bea's in his lap."

S

## LAST NIGHT

**S**HE was lying down beside me  
As she often did at night,  
Nestling near and softly breathing,  
Sitting in the dim moonlight.

Reaching forth I drew her closer  
Giving her a fond caress,  
There has nothing been so faithful  
As my father's bird-dog "Bess".

S

ENGLISH STUDENT (*taking returned theme to the  
prof*): What does this word mean, sir? I can't  
make it out.

PROF (*after five minutes scrutiny*): Illegible, young  
man, your theme is illegible.

S

**Y**OUNG man, can I get into the park through  
that gate?

Guess so lady, I just saw a load of hay go through.

S

**I**F a man cut his foot with an axe would you say  
he'd had an accident?



# THE SQUIB

“ARMS and the man I sing”  
But not for war!  
That’s not what most men  
Use their arms for.

S

DUMB: See the cute little mice.

BELL: Mice, mice, you dumb egg. Speak correctly.

DUMB (*a little later*): Oh! see those beautiful hicc.

BELL: Houses, houses, you thick dodo. Speak correctly.

S

## THE FUSSER

HE sat on the bank of the murmuring stream with her in his arms, crushing her lithe body to his breast. Her soft, jet black hair felt deliciously refreshing against his hot face. He stroked it with his hand, admiring its fluffy fragrance, whispering sweet nothings into her tiny ear.

Not far away sat her mother, complacently watching the two, apparently not objecting in the least to the petting party. Finally, however, she strode over to the happy pair, and with a gentle p-r-rm! called her kitten to join her.

S

MAY: If 32 is freezing point, what is squeezing point?”

BEE: Two in the shade.

S

GETTING married three or four times is O.K. on earth but it must be tough when you meet the Wives in Heaven or Hades.



## JUST ANOTHER DIRTY JOKE

1ST FAIR ONE: What was it Dick said they teach in Agronomy?

2ND FAIR ONE: Dirt and how to sling it.

S

STUDE (*reading sign, “Gentlemen and Ladies Accommodated”*): I guess we’ve hit the wrong place.

S

’TWAS midnight in the parlor,  
’Twas darkness every where;  
The silence was suddenly broken  
By a thud upon a chair.  
Then everything was quiet,  
Not a thing was stirring there,  
When again the silence lifted,  
And upright stood my hair.  
I didn’t have the courage  
To open up the door,  
For I could hear them scrimmage,  
And then a scream — much lower.  
Courage then came slowly to me  
And I opened up the door,  
And there was the cat,  
Wrestling wildly with a rat,  
In the middle of the floor!

# THE SQUIB



"Young man," said the irate old gentleman at the lunch counter, to the youth who was inhaling his soup with a gurgling sound and splashing it about the while, "What are you? A Colorado geyser?"

"Naw," answered the soup juggler, "I'm a Fresh-man guy, sir."  
—*Yellow Jacket*

S

TEACHER: Johnny, where's your grammar?

JOHNNY: She's at home in bed with a bad cold.  
—*Centre Colonel*

S

FRATER: This bootleg stuff they're selling nowadays sure is terrible. A brother of mine took one drink and began to sell pink elephants at \$200 apiece.

FRATESS: And?

FRATER: Then I took a drink and bought half a dozen.  
—*Wampus*

S

BLONDIE: No, dear friend, nothing but the sun can come between us.

BRUNETTE: Whose son?  
—*Centre Colonel*

S

## LINES FROM A BACHELOR

FROM AN ENGINEER'S EXAM PAPER: Milton was married, but his wife left him, so he wrote *Paradise Regained*. After a while she came back, so he wrote *Paradise Lost*.  
—*Green Gander*

S

DRUGGIST: Do you wish Mennens talcum?

CUSTOMER: Nein, damn itt, vimmens!  
—*Lord Jeff*

S

MARY: Would you marry for money?

MARIE: Well, marrying for love is a cents-less proposition.  
—*Bean Pot*

"Miss Jones has absolutely no backbone, has she?"  
"I haven't danced with her yet."  
—*Bison*

S

HE: Dearest! I love you so! I'd gladly die for you! Would you die for me?"

SHE: Of course, John darling! I'm sick of being blonde, anyhow! Would you prefer a henna dye?  
—*Brown Jug*

S

## OH, SO FAMILIAR!

COP (to fair one): Say, the next time you fail to stop at my signal, I'll pinch you.

FAIR ONE (coloring): Sir, how dare you.  
—*Pitt Panther*

S

She's a very naughty girlie,  
And the skirt she wears is shocking,  
I can read the serial numbers  
On the bank notes in her stocking.  
—*Brown Jug*

S

HE: May I hold your hand?

SHE: No—my foot. You'll get more of a kick!  
—*Goblin*

S

## WHY I DON'T DATE

1. It takes time from my studies.
2. I don't think it right to squander an allowance foolishly.
3. Men are more companionable and better pals.
4. Dates make me sleepy the next day.
5. I enjoy just staying home and reading.
6. *Nobody will go out with me.*  
—*Octopus*

S

## FASHION NOTE

Many an alley cat can look at a swell ermine coat and say: "There goes papa."  
—*Outlaw*

S

"Why do they call this Turkish cigar Cleo?"

"Because its wrapper is missing."  
—*Octopus*



"What were you doing last summer?"  
"Working on a ship's camisole."  
"What's that?"  
"Oh, the rigging that covers the upper deck."  
—*Yellow Crab*

"Yes, I've quit the hold-up game,  
I'll hang 'round joints no more,"  
So with a sigh, and a faint little cry,  
The garter stretched out on the floor.  
—*Bean Pot*

The butcher found a homeless dog  
A worthless little bum;  
And, as he led him home, he said:  
"The wurst is yet to come."  
—*Centre Colonel*

#### AN IDIOTIC AFFAIR

"Am I to understand that there is some idiotic  
affair between you and that young officer who comes  
around here?"  
"Only you, papa dear!" —*Bell Hop*

MR. PROUTY: These fishballs have a decidedly  
metallic flavor this morning, Nora. What did you  
make them of?"  
NORA: Swordfish, sorr. —*Lord Jeff*

"I'd love to go in swimming!" exclaimed the  
sweet, young thing, "but I haven't got any bathing  
suit with me."  
"Oh, that's all right," said her companion,  
"that's only a small thing."  
—*Black and Blue Jay*

Mary had a little lamb,  
But that is not the half,  
We see without a diagram  
She had a little calf.

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"An old stall," muttered the horse as the groom  
backed him into the stable. —*Humbug*

"Try some celery, dear?"  
"Thanks, darling, I'll bite on anything once."  
—*Octopus*

PROF: This is the third time that you have looked  
on Smith's paper.  
STUDE: Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plainly.  
—*Witt*

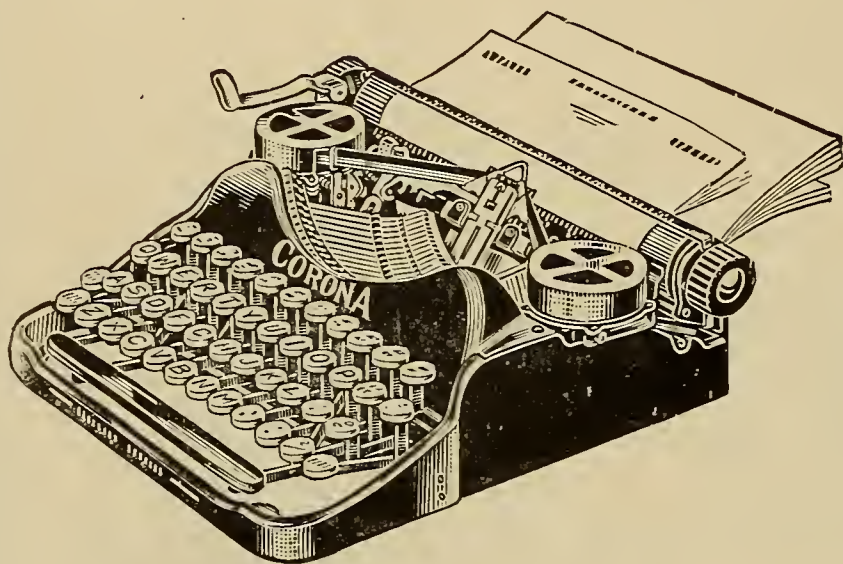
MAMA: Come here, Willie, and kiss the nice lady.  
WILLIE: I won't, she's a naughty lady. If I  
kissed her she'd slap me, same as she did papa.  
—*Le Rire (Paris)*

#### "NOW I LAY ME"

Dear Lord, forgive us for our sins—  
All those we would commit,  
If money, opportunity,  
And time would but permit. —*Dodo*

"George gave me his pin last night."  
"What happened?"  
"My room-mate placed it immediately."

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HOUSE

### WE KNOW SOME

We deeply sympathize with the absent-minded professor who cleaned the cat's teeth one night, and then kicked himself out the back door.

—Carnegie Puppet

### GIDDAP

TEACHER: And where was Sheridan when he took his famous twenty-mile ride?

VOICE FROM BACK OF ROOM: On a horse!

—Punch Bowl

### OF COURSE

Two tourists stood on the brink of the Grand Canyon, staring fixedly at a natural rock formation in the shape of a figure 7 which was outlined on the opposite wall of the canyon. One of the men exclaimed, "Fer cripes sakes, Bill, who put that number up there?" "Don't show your ignorance," replied his companion. "They put that number up there to show people that this is the seventh wonder of the world."

—Lampoon

### RECIPROCITY

THE COLONEL: Confound it, sir, you nearly hit my wife!

MR. MIGGS: Did I? Well, have a shot at mine!"

—Goblin

CLOTHIER: Anything I can do for you?

FRATTER: Have you any nice white shirts?

CLOTHIER: A whole store full.

FRATTER: Well, go and put one on. —Siren

### HAWKSHAW HIMSELF

The famous detective arrived at the scene of the crime.

"Heavens," he cried, "this is more serious than I thought. The window has been broken on both sides."

—Ski-U-Mah

"Get away from me you two-faced thing," said the Edison disc to the Victor Record.—Punch Bowl.

"I hope your little boy never tells a lie."

"I don't know. I do know that at times he tells a lot of embarrassing truths."

—Bell Hop

COE: Those twins manage very well without a mirror in their room.

ED.: How come?

COE: They just face each other to comb their hair.

—Sniper

A secret is that which you tell one person at a time.

—Bell Hop



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—THE—

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Englishman happy in his old age?

ALL-AMERICAN: Tell him a joke when he's young.

FIRST MORON: I hear O'Brian's wife just got a  
divorce for incompatibility.

SECOND MORON: Well, my wife couldn't. We  
combat daily.

—Harvard Lampoon

JANE: I'll marry a self-made man or none.

MARY: But think of the trouble of making him  
over.

—Life

"Bill, who's that red-faced guy over there?"

"Oh, that's Walter Slats. He didn't always look  
that way, but his garter broke at the Junior Prom,  
and now he has a permanent blush."

—Humbug

"How do you like the Flatiron sisters?"

"Very much, but they're hard to handle when  
they get hot."

—Brown Jug

"Binks and Jinks had quite a race over Betty."

"Yes, Jinks won by a neck."

—Centre Colonel

### RING OFF

She rung me on the telephone.

She wrung her hands—I was not home.

She wrung from me my hard earned jack,

I rung her finger—but she gave it back.

—Octopus

MRS. NOAH: Noah, dear, what makes the elephant  
act so queerly?

NOAH: The poor devil has both the fleas.

—Witt

OLD MAID (*finding man under her bed*): Help!  
Help!

VOICE WITHOUT: Help what?

OLD MAID: Help me keep him!

—Brown Bull

MOSES: This is a deuce of a fix. How am I going  
to get out of here?

ST. PETER: Now none of your darn miracles—  
play straight golf.

"But, Irene, on what grounds does your father  
object to me?"

"On any grounds within a mile of our house."

—Yellow Jacket

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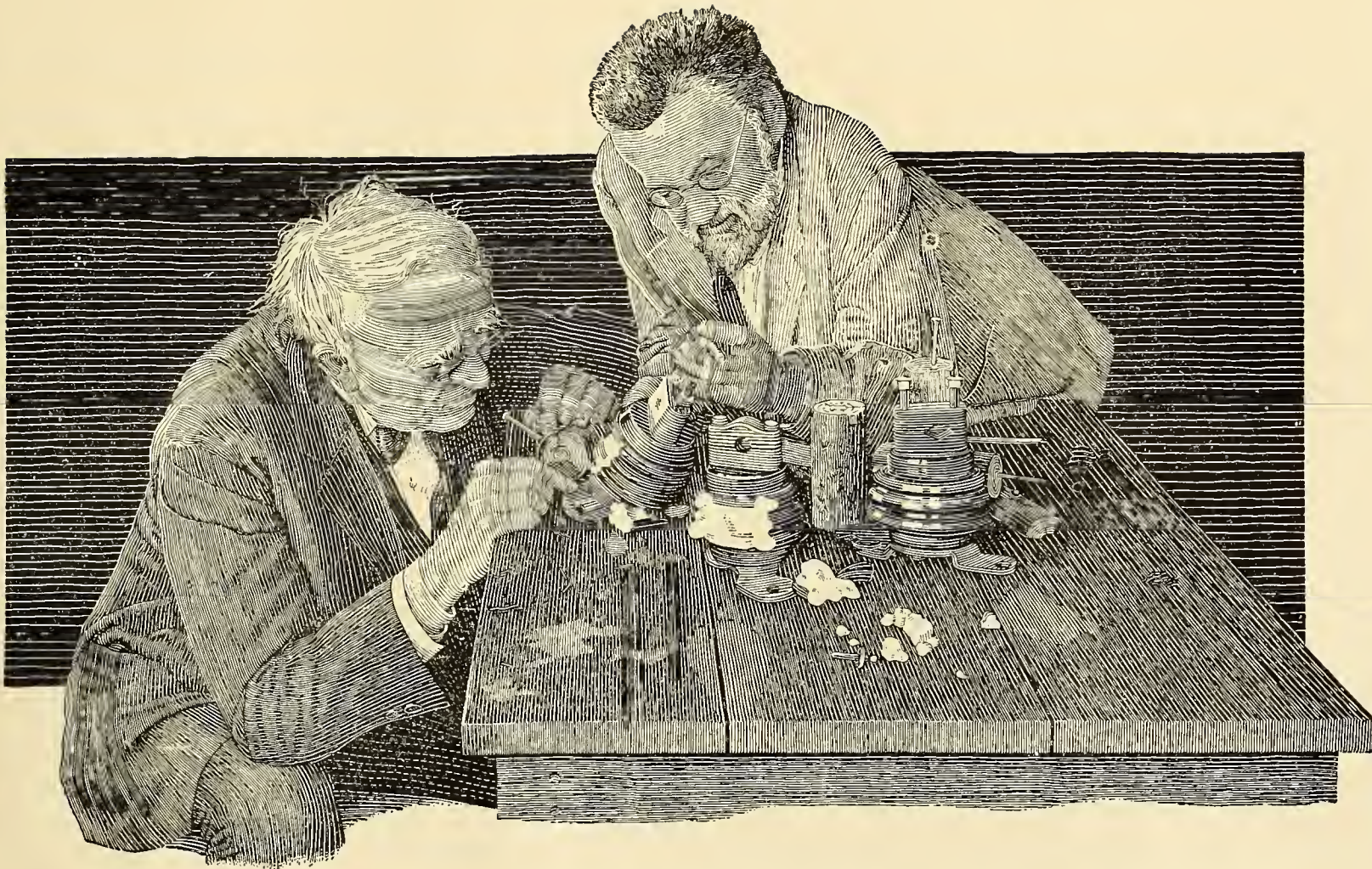
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